

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

No. 567, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton. Including Selections from his Poems, Correspondence, and Miscellaneous Writings. By Robert Perceval Graves. Vol. I. (Dublin University Press.)

(First Notice.)

THIS biography of a great philosopher is not less full of personal and literary than of scientific interest. In its universality, combined with its depth, Sir William Rowan Hamilton's genius had few rivals since the days of Leibnitz; and his character was no less original and many-sided. His biographer is one familiar with him from the early days of each, and was selected by him as his literary executor. He has written like a man full of his subject and forgetful of himself; and the result is a volume appreciative, unaffected, and in entirely good taste. It is so faithful a delineation of a great intellect and a noble character that a thoughtful reader will seem to himself rather to recognise one whom he had known of old than to make acquaintance with him for the first time.

Sir W. R. Hamilton was born in Dublin on August 3, 1805. His family had been at the least for several generations settled in Ireland—as long ago as the reign of James I., according to the statement of Sir William to his biographer. He boasted that Ireland was his native land when returning thanks at Oxford on behalf of the Royal Irish Academy, and used, though in a manner full of love for England also, the expression, "I have spoken of Ireland as my country, and have called myself a stranger."

Hamilton's father, his uncle, and a near kinsman always called by him "Cousin Arthur" were all of them men of remarkable talents and upright characters, and had one and all set their hearts on eliciting the remarkable powers they discerned in the boy. His father was a solicitor, described after his death by a friend as "a wonder for his professional laboriousness and his chivalry of spirit." He died when Hamilton was about fourteen, the boy's mother having been taken away two years earlier. Hamilton was educated by his uncle, James Hamilton, curate at Trim, where he kept a school. This able and worthy man had won high honours in his university course, mastered several Oriental languages, and brought up ten children with the aid of his curacy and a parish worth but £140 per annum. He died at seventy years of age, his illustrious nephew having vainly striven to procure his promotion. When he was eight years old, his aunt writes of that nephew as "translating Homer and Virgil,

and quite master of the Hebrew." Mr. Graves sums up his earlier acquirements thus:—

"He was at three years of age a superior reader of English, and considerably advanced in arithmetic; at four, a good geographer; at five, able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and loving to recite Dryden, Collins, Milton, and Homer; at eight he has added Italian and French, and gives vent to his feelings in extemporised Latin; and before he is ten he is a student of Arabic and Sanskrit. And all this knowledge seems to have been acquired, not, indeed, without diligence, but with perfect ease."

This persistent strength of brain remained to the end, not less than its extraordinary quality. At the age of fourteen he wrote a letter in Persian to the Persian ambassador, who was then in Dublin. The strain is sufficiently Oriental: "As the heart of the worshipper is turned toward the altar of his sacred vision, and as the sunflower to the rays of the sun, so to thy polished radiance turns, expanding itself, the yet unblossomed rosebud of my mind." Soon afterwards, he acquired several other languages, Eastern as well as Western. This combination of an extraordinary talent for languages with a yet higher genius for science is rare. He had, however, instinctively turned his linguistic studies as far as he could into a science, composing, as his studies advanced, grammars of several, for the purpose of methodising his knowledge. Original thought seems to have been to him always easier than mere attention. Thus, at twenty years of age, he writes:

"Several of his [Newton's] demonstrations I simplified a good deal. . . . I made it a rule, after reading the enunciation of each proposition, to solve it for myself—a plan which I have always found highly favourable to the exercise of invention."

Homer, in his "Hymn to Mercury," makes the Infant, when but a day old, meet a tortoise, kill him, change his shell into a musical instrument, and sing on it a chaunt of matters respecting which memory could have taught him little, including the Wars of the Gods and Titans, and the loves of Jupiter and Maia, the Babe's mother. There is an order of genius to which knowledge acquired seems thus ever as knowledge elicited.

Hamilton's early friends were not forgetful of his spiritual culture. When the boy was but fourteen years old, his father wrote to him an "earnest appeal to make the Christian religion and the Word of God the foundation of his principles, of his studies, and of his conduct" (p. 56). At seventeen the boy writes to another monitor:

"I quite agree with you in the importance of humility, and accept what you say as a gentle reproof. . . . I fear I may have appeared arrogant while unbosoming my secret thoughts and wishes and those aspirings in which I scarcely ever dare permit myself to indulge, much less reveal them."

Nine years later he expressed himself thus:

"It ought not, I think, to be the great endeavour of a man to attain to any one outward end, but to tend for ever towards perfection—towards the improvement of his own being, and development of his own faculties, in an indefinite progress; and, having this view, I am constrained to conclude that the only plan of conduct which

one ought to form to one's self, as irrevocably decreed, and not to be altered by circumstances, is the plan of obedience to conscience."

At the University of Dublin, Hamilton carried all before him both in classics and science. Two years before he had entered it we find him solving a mathematical problem which had baffled the skill of one of its best mathematicians, and next year prophesying the future development of algebra, to which he was himself destined to contribute an important work—*Algebra as the Science of Pure Time*. During this year he wrote an "Imaginary Conversation between Pappus and Euclid, in the Meads of Asphodel," contemplating, as from a height, the book of the great Alexandrian geometrician, and analysing the principles on which he had selected the order of his theorems and demonstrations. This short tract seems an anticipation of that instinct which subsequently made him attach even more importance to the methods than to the results of scientific thought. In his nineteenth year he entered upon that labour which occupied largely his next few years, three of which belonged to his undergraduate course—viz., his *Theory of Systems of Rays*, a work completed by three Supplements, the last of which he had copied ten times before he had perfected it. It was greeted with high applause; and Airy declared, at a later date, that it had made "a new science of mathematical optics." Mr. Graves has printed a paper (pp. 228–31) in which the author himself set forth the substance of this essay in popular language.

In his twenty-first year, Hamilton was unanimously elected Professor of Astronomy. His friendship with Dr. Brinckley, who had exchanged that professorship for a bishopric, rendered the appointment the more acceptable to him, though he had not sought it; and he took up his abode in the Observatory of Dunsink. As professor, it thus became his singular duty, while himself an undergraduate, to examine graduates. On his appointment he wrote a deeply interesting letter to his sister Eliza, a woman of high poetic ability, one passage of which proves that he did not share certain alarms which have troubled some recent scientists—"We shall see that the universe contains within itself the elements of its own stability, the provision for its own renovation." Apparently, he did not see any danger of light, heat, and the sidereal motions wearing themselves out. But for his unwearied industry, little time would now have remained to Hamilton for original work. He had to prepare his lectures; he carried on a vast scientific correspondence, the publication of which is earnestly to be desired; he answered the letters and read the MSS. of nearly all those who addressed him—"trisectors of the angle, squarers of the circle, discoverers of the longitude at sea, &c., &c." (p. 289); and to almost all he "returned answers marked by courtesy, helpfulness, and patience." One cannot but regret that so much precious time was thus lost. He had also two pupils, the sons of Lord Anglesey, then Lord-Lieutenant; and, subsequently, for more than two years, Lord Adare, afterwards Earl of Dunraven, whose sympathy and friendship were a great addition to his happiness, whose love of science was

but part of his ardent devotion to truth in all its forms, and whose death was a serious loss to the cause of Irish archaeology. In his twenty-third year he presented to the Royal Irish Academy his treatise on *Conjugate Functions*. In his twenty-sixth, we find what apparently was an anticipation of his chief work, the discovery of "Quaternions." In a letter to Herschel, after a reference to the differential calculus, he proceeds thus:—

"It seemed to me that the series at which I arrived, and the connexions which it suggested between analytic symbols of change, were likely at some future time to assist in constructing a calculus of a more general kind. But, if that shall ever be, the pleasure and fame of the construction are likely to be reserved for someone more industrious, at least more steady, than I am" (p. 482).

Soon afterwards, he thus expresses his ever-increasing devotion to mathematics in its most abstract forms:—

"The geometry answered very well my expectation of its supplying me with subjects for mathematical meditation without requiring me to read or write; a comfort in the prospect of which I had long ago treasured it up as a resource against the time of my being blind, if ever that time should arrive" (p. 526).

The latest of Hamilton's scientific achievements recorded in this volume is the discovery of Conical Refraction—a discovery, like that of the planet Neptune, the result of purely *a priori* speculation—a scientific prophecy. That discovery is described in a letter to Herschel:—

"I was led to expect that, under certain circumstances, easily deduced and assigned by me from these geometrical properties, a single incident, an unpolarised ray, would undergo, not double, but conical refraction" (p. 627).

Hamilton's friend, Prof. Lloyd, verified the prediction by experiment. Mr. Graves remarks of Prof. Lloyd:—"He was more than a mere verifier; he took note of a phenomenon that had not been predicted, and ascertained the law to which it conformed" (p. 635). Without Hamilton's knowledge, Prof. MacCullagh had at an earlier period demonstrated certain geometrical principles from which the same conclusion might have been deduced as Hamilton arrived at by an algebraical method. He had not, however, followed up the subject in time, and thus missed the discovery.

The chief charm of this book is that imparted to it by Hamilton's personal character. Mr. Graves, whose aptitude for biography is by nothing more evinced than by his skill in the delineation of character, as in the sketches of Lady Campbell and Mrs. Hemans, the poetess (pp. 359 and 604), is always happy in his descriptions of his friend:—

"I have called him profoundly modest; . . . but with that modesty was joined a self-respect as genuine, a sense of his own individuality and of his duty to maintain it in the possession of all its inherent prerogatives; and so also it is true that, while he was perfectly natural, and ready impulsively to join in innocent freaks or caprices, he was also habitually formal with a formality which sprang from his deep value for law. In all things he loved order, and co-ordination, and subordination, and symmetry, and completeness; and this love pervaded all his mathematical work" (pp. 452, 453).

Of the reverence which so strikingly characterised Hamilton he thus speaks:—

"This was sometimes misconstrued as if it were an affected humility, because it was not unfrequently manifested towards persons of mediocre intellect or character not worthy of such regard; but the personal humility was deeply sincere, as was also the respect for his kind, extending to the youngest child or the beggar on the road."

The humility here remarked on is illustrated by such expressions as "I never think myself qualified to judge of any book after reading it but once," and no less by the absence of sensitiveness with which Hamilton received a good deal of sharp verbal criticism on some of his earlier poetry. Mr. Graves remarks also—

"He was a delightful companion, combining the openness and readiness to enjoy of a boy with the power of reasoning and the full stores of knowledge of a vigorous and thoroughly cultured man; while he never sought to monopolise the conversation" (p. 210).

But he is not blind to defects:—

"It is to be admitted that the perpetual consciousness of the working of his great brain, of the large compass embraced by his thoughts, of the depth and permanence of his feelings, did in him become an over-weight, and made the presence of self unduly felt by him, and self-contemplation too habitual. This self-consciousness was in him most remarkably free from selfishness."

He illustrates also his friend's truthfulness, and his courage, moral and physical, whether shown in giving battle to a stormy disputant or in taming a horse. I well remember Hamilton's telling me how on one occasion, when he found his horse "Comet" bent on running away, he gave up the contest, resumed his mathematical meditation where it had been broken off, and had solved the problem just as the horse stopped at his gate. Mr. Graves' statement that Hamilton used to rise from his bed at any hour of the night to resume his studies is confirmed by the diaries which show the immensity of his scientific reading.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Italian Byways. By J. A. Symonds. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. SYMONDS' pleasant volume has a unity of purpose not often to be found in scattered essays. It is a handbook for the cultivated traveller in Italy; and indicates to him a frame of mind by which he may make his Italian ramblings most profitable. It is full of suggestions how aesthetic and intellectual impressions may be garnered by lending oneself to passing moods, intensifying their pictorial effects, and allowing the silent work of fancy to have its full imaginative force. Travelling is an art to be learned like any other, and rudiments are always painful. In Italian travel this is especially the case. "Why is it," asks Mr. Symonds, "that Italian beauty does not leave the spirit so untroubled as an Alpine scene?" Perhaps because the impressions of an Italian landscape never appeal simply to the sense of grandeur and sublimity to which the Teutonic mind most readily responds. The elements are diverse and are unfamiliar; they suggest a

different view of life, a different conception of man's activity, a different past to that which we recognise as our own.

A traveller begins by verifying his guide-book, and is ashamed of the process. He hides it in his pocket, and tries to escape detection by consulting it only in dark corners. He substitutes for the unpretentious "Murray" or "Baedeker" a library of volumes of "Walks" or "Sketches," and finds on any particular expedition that he is wandering into the region traversed in a different volume from that which he has brought with him. He explores miles of picture-galleries and acres of churches till his head is dazed and his body is weary. He is conscious that the process of instruction is laborious; but he takes his short tour as he would take a course of mineral waters, and hopes to feel the benefit when he has returned home. It is a sad sight to see the instructive traveller, and we can only hope that he may in time emerge to better things and learn how to enjoy himself.

Yet a certain amount of familiarity is necessary before the period of abandonment to enjoyment can begin. The note of Mr. Symonds' volume is found in the following remarks:—

"Picture and sculpture galleries accustom us to the separation of art from life. Our methods of studying art, making a beginning of art-study while travelling, tend to perpetuate the separation. It is only on reflection, after long experience, that we come to perceive that the most fruitful moments in our art-education have been casual and unsought, in quaint nooks and unexpected places, where nature, art, and life are happily blent."

Following this principle, Mr. Symonds gives us in the present volume a series of records of his own impressions. He wanders at will, with a sense of mastery over his surroundings. He moves freely in the Italian atmosphere, and alternately makes himself its interpreter or weaves it into accordance with his own passing fancies. He does not care for instruction; of that he has had enough. He will only accept knowledge when it comes to him wearing the garb of beauty. His attitude is one of ready receptivity with a mind already prepared by familiarity and long experience. He shows us the ideal state of the Italian traveller.

It would be too much to promise that familiarity would do the same for everyone. There is the ingrained pedant whom nothing can help, and whom increased experience only hardens in evil ways. We met in an Italian byway a German, who spent his holidays every year in rambling through Italy, mostly on foot. Eager to obtain some knowledge, we questioned him about a place that he had visited the day before. He put his hand to his coat-pocket, and then exclaimed with sadness, "Ah, I have left my note-book that I had yesterday with my baggage at the station." There was nothing more to be said.

To such a one Mr. Symonds' book would not seem helpful. It is addressed to the aesthetic traveller, and its chief value lies in the suggestion of a method. To one who has traversed the same ground as Mr. Symonds, the book is a delightful means of comparing

notes with a sympathetic friend, and quickening past impressions by contact with another mind. We have called Mr. Symonds an aesthetic traveller; and perhaps his book would have reached a higher standard if he had been content always to remain so. But he is largely a sentimental traveller. He does not care to separate those of his impressions which have their seat in the universal perception of beauty from those which are the results of changing moods and chance associations. When he describes a storm at La Spezia, or the look of Monte Oliveto, or the magnificent panorama seen from Montepulciano, all his readers are with him. When he finds the spirit of a place written in the lineaments of a lounging peasant, and reads him into an embodiment of the scene, we are interested at this conscious revival of the mythopoetic faculty. But it is not worth while to cherish all passing impressions, or to exhibit all the waywardness of the mind. Mr. Symonds makes no attempts to eliminate the purely personal element. At times he is practical, and talks of carriages, luggage, and his bills of fare like the ordinary traveller. At times he is interested in pictures, and revels in Tintoretto. At times pictures are a weariness to the flesh, and he is glad to escape from the quiet cloister of Monte Oliveto, with its frescoes by Sodoma and Signorelli, into the clear air of the copse outside. Sometimes nature interests him, and sometimes man. When he has visited a place before, or is not interested in its past, he is content to draw from it some chance impression. When a place is new to him, or when it has historic interest in his eyes, as in his visit to Urbino, he abandons his aesthetic nonchalance and becomes as instructive as the ordinary guide-book. This is the natural result of a series of papers written and published at different times; but it tends to impair the value of the book as a guide to the aesthetic traveller.

These records of Italian travel are not, however, all that the book contains. Its main object is sufficiently explained by its title. It exhorts its readers to leave the beaten tracks if they would really learn to know the charm of Italy. In its great towns the associations of the past are overpowering; and large hotels, filled with people of every nation, form a barrier between the traveller and those slight emotions which stir him most powerfully. In Italian byways he is more free, more susceptible to impressions which the absence of preparation and expectation make more powerful when they come. So, too, it is with Italian literature and Italian history; their episodes are always fruitful. In an article on Folgore di San Gemignano, Mr. Symonds recalls a picture of Italian chivalry which at once suggests the striking difference between Italian and Teutonic usage. The story of Lorenzino dei Medici, whom Mr. Symonds styles "a cinque cento Brutus," illustrates the aimlessness of the Italian mind. An Italian could conceive nobly a detached exploit, and could work it out with elaborate precision. But the delight in the action itself so absorbed him that he was forgetful of its results. Lorenzino slew a tyrant by a course of deeply premeditated treachery, and then fled hastily from Florence, leaving no one to reap any benefits from his deed.

The most important criticism, however, which Mr. Symonds' volume contains is in the last pages of his paper on "Vittoria Accoramboni." He tells the dark story of crime by the help of a recent Italian monograph, and then turns to consider Webster's drama in relation to the facts. He says:—

"The Italians were depraved, but spiritually feeble. The English playwright, when he brought them on the stage, arrayed with intellectual power and gleaming with the lurid splendour of a Northern fancy, made them tenfold darker and more terrible. To the subtlety and vices of the South he added the melancholy meditation and sinister insanity of his own climate. To the Italian text has been added the Teutonic commentary, and both are fused by a dramatic genius into one living whole. . . . Webster's Italian tragedies are consequently true, not so much to the actual conditions of Italy, as to the moral impression made by those conditions on a Northern imagination."

In these remarks Mr. Symonds goes farther than a mere criticism on Webster. He lays his finger on the fundamental difficulty of dealing fairly with all subjects connected with Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a hard matter to apprehend the Italian standard of conduct, and to reconcile the contradictions which meet us at every turn. The wealth of artistic productions, the serenity of soul and strength of character displayed by great Italians, form a strange contrast to the prevailing recklessness, the utter want of moral principle, the entire levity of mind. In the midst of alternate feelings of admiration and horror, it is almost impossible to understand. Italian history may be represented either in its favourable or its unfavourable aspect. An attempt to deal with it fairly tends to produce only an unmeaning phantasmagoria. The Teuton might be violent and brutal; but amid his brutality there was a rudimentary sense of morality and some deference to decency. The Italian was always refined and self-restrained in his worst moments, but was devoid of all elements of conscience. The sense of sin never haunted him; he had no aspirations beyond himself. We have to grasp his life as a whole before we can pass judgment on his separate acts.

M. CREIGHTON.

The Wentworth Papers, 1705-39. Selected from the Correspondence of Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, created in 1711 Earl of Strafford. Edited by J. J. Cartwright. (Wyman.)

THE Wentworths had a keen eye for their own advancement, and did not shrink from a change of politics when it seemed to promise an improvement in position. The father of Lord Raby was numbered among the chief favourites of James II., and contrived to obtain places in the royal household for his son and wife, as well as a gift of £3,000 for his daughter when she married "an Irish Papist." But his affection for his exiled master was not strong enough to prevent him from purchasing a commission for his son in William's army in the month after the Prince of Orange landed at Brixham. So long as the fortunes of Marlborough and Godolphin were in the ascendant, Lord Raby was their

faithful follower, and pressed upon "my lord Duke" the wish to be "either Commissioner of Trade or Earl of Strafford." When they were dismissed from their places, he continued to serve their successors in office, and it was from the Tories that he obtained the long-coveted rise in the peerage. Early in 1709 Lord Raby was applying to Lord Godolphin for a vacant post; by the close of the following year he was hesitating with which side to trust his fortunes; and a short time afterwards the correspondent who was best acquainted with his wishes was expressing her pleasure at Walpole's committal to the Tower. If he could not form an accurate judgment on current politics, the blame could not justly be charged to his correspondents. The events and rumours of the day were communicated to him with as much fullness of detail and liveliness of expression as Horace Walpole transmitted the gossip of a generation or two later. The present volume is but a selection from the hundred volumes of letters to Lord Strafford which are preserved among the MSS. of the British Museum; and Mr. Cartwright is cruel enough to tantalise us with the statement that a second volume of extracts will be published, but not until after the lapse of another century or two. We hope that the prayers of his critics may induce him to reconsider his decision. Sufficient time has elapsed since the Augustan age of Queen Anne to invest even the details of its every-day life with especial interest, the proof of which, if he needs any, may be found in the fact that the charm of this volume lies in its social and domestic particulars rather than in the political incidents. The time has arrived for a second volume, and the editor is found. It would be worse than a crime if this series of extracts remained without a companion.

By far the most entertaining of Lord Strafford's correspondents were found within his own family; and, if his mother's letters do not carry away the palm for amusement, they are beaten only by those of a younger dame. The mother lived for the greater part of her widowed life at Twitnam, endeavouring to sustain the credit of her family on the modest allowance of £200 a-year; and, as she had many friends in high life, and was, moreover, sometimes "weedled" by an impecunious son out of a pound or two, she was obliged more than once to upset the equanimity of her eldest son by anticipating her income. The evidences of her need of money occur in almost every letter. She was left with "but one tea-pot . . . the little blew and white one." The "bedstids being old and crasy" broke in pieces just as the daughter stepped into bed. Coals were above fifty shillings a chaldron, and coffee more than ten shillings a pound; the price of the coffee forcing the poor lady to the conclusion that she must cease to drink it. In one year, to add to her troubles, the brewer of her absent son sent "such Bitter Bear that none can drink it." Though she did once report that "there is twoe strang fishis taken up and fower sons was seen by severell and a flaming soard" (the extract will suffice to show the spelling of the fine ladies of the age, and the difficulties which Mr. Cartwright has been forced to surmount in deciphering the char-

acters mentioned in the letters) she neither abounded in credulity nor lacked good sense. Her chief difficulty—and, it must be added, her chief amusement—lay in finding suitable matches for her family. For her daughter Betty she was especially concerned. The poor girl lived, as did most of her rival beauties, in terror of the small-pox; and the sympathetic mother feared that she "would be pepered with them, should she get them, and then her market would be spoiled as sister Skynner sea." Col. Selwyn was her admirer; and the Wentworth family thought, with some display of civility on the part of the head of their house, he might be fixed to Betty for ever. But for some reason or other—possibly because, as Mrs. Masham surmised, "his friends would think her fortune too little for him"—the match went off, and Betty became, eleven years later, the wife of a Cornish peer. The marriage of the Lord Strafford of the future was a still more difficult problem to solve. Scarcely a letter crossed to the Continent which did not contain a reference to some lady whose fortunes were sufficiently great to qualify her as a match; but, with all these allusions to heiresses of the present or the future, the beauty who was destined to become the Countess of Strafford escaped the notice of her anxious mother-in-law. Even when the "most convenient hous" at Twit'nham for her son's residence was mentioned as purchaseable at the price of five thousand pounds, there is a suggestion "that one or two may be bated if you will take a daughter" of the proprietor. What Lord Strafford desired most to know was the scandal of the age, and his wife took care that he should not have any cause of complaint at the deficiency of the supply. Anything which could possibly reflect on the reputation of a fair member of the Court was sent to him before it was whispered in the ante-rooms of the palace. All the verses—"ballets," the devoted wife calls them—on the political personages of the age were sought for from east and west. One on the Lord Treasurer (Harley) and Mrs. Oglethorpe was the subject of a search for a whole day, and then the post was obliged to leave without its company. One of the characters on whom Lady Strafford played was Mrs. Robinson, the wife of the bishop who went as joint-plenipotentiary to negotiate the Treaty of Utrecht. The bishopess was delighted at her husband's appointment, but somewhat concerned at the future of "those things call'd pages;" and her ultimate decision was that "when they have don with them she'll make them all parsons." Lady Strafford went to see the "Prution envoy's lady," and described her as handsome, though her face brought to mind the sign in the Strand "where they sell Babys," the word of the day for dolls. The Spanish ambassador, on the other hand, was the "strangest dirty creature. I sor him play at Basset with the Queen, and his hands were the dirtiest things I ever sor"—a sentence which will remind many of us of Charles Lamb's jest on Martin Burney, "If dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have." Piquant as is nearly every page of this volume, it is in the letters of Lady Strafford that the shrewdest judgments of character and the most diverting incidents are to be found.

When poor Peter Wentworth could tear himself away from the consideration of the places which he did not obtain, he found his solace in the discussion of politics. You can learn from his letters of the rumours which agitated both parties in the State when the sons of Godolphin and Marlborough were declining in the west. You can attend with him the debates in both Houses, for whenever admission could be obtained he was present, and if an entrance was denied he procured the particulars of the discussion from a friend. This hapless brother, whose chief infirmity lay in a love for liquor, which he could not carry off so readily as my Lord Bolingbroke, was in 1731 desirous of being elected member for the borough of Aldborough; but his dream of parliamentary eminence, like the many other schemes which he weaved in fancy, came to an unfortunate end. In pecuniary matters he was not often deceived; but once—the anecdote shows how little the humours of street-vendors of newspapers have altered since 1709—he writes to his brother: "This day seven Lord Haversham made a speech and last friday they cry'd it about the streets and I was bit with it for I bought it to send you and when I read I found 'twas what he had spoke last year." No other member of the family seems to have had any taste for book-lore, but Peter evidently thought that the head of the Wentworth house should show a proper encouragement to literature. In his brother's name he subscribed for a supplement to Dugdale's Baronage, and to his brother he often sent copies of the *Tatler*, with explanations of the allusions. He recommends a perusal of Lord Clarendon's History, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley, was much impressed with the lessons to be gained from reading the familiar Chronicles of Sir Richard Baker. Several of the literary men of the age are mentioned in such a manner as to show that Peter Wentworth was acquainted with them. When a "new distemper" raged in London, he remarks—and the expression will no doubt be duly snatched up by the experts who are engaged in the new Dictionary—that it was "call'd by Dr. Swift a feavouret." There are numerous references to this pre-eminent pamphleteer throughout the volume; and under the date of 1725 two very striking letters from the Duke of Bedford are inserted showing the supremacy which Pope had acquired with the great. At the height of the parliamentary conflict in the last days of Queen Anne, several news-letters, some of which were written by Boyer at the rate of a guinea a-month, were sent to Lord Strafford; but their contents, compared with those penned by his relations, are as dull as dish-water.

Thanks to the Wentworths who stopped at home in London, this selection from their letters to the ambassador whom they either loved or thought it their interest to propitiate may, without exaggeration, be called one of the most amusing volumes in our language. It bears every trace of careful editing. If the parliamentary return can be trusted, Thomas Pitt did not sit for Salisbury and Samuel Pytts did not represent Worcestershire at the time referred to in the note on p. 76. On the other hand, George Pitt

was one of the members for Wareham at that date. When Mr. Cartwright was penning the note at p. 279 on the painting by Jervas, he forgot the mention of the same picture in the letter of November 27, 1711. Is not the Arnold noticed on p. 465 as the author of the *True Briton* the writer called William Arnall who was patronised by Sir Robert Walpole? W. P. COURTNEY.

The Ultimatum of Pessimism: an Ethical Study. By James William Barlow. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

To be, or not to be; is life worth living, or would the extinction of the human race be preferable?—that is the principal question raised by our author. The answer differs according as we take account of the present life, or "transcendental life hereafter," or the prospect of an improved world in a future age. Upon the first and third counts Mr. Barlow decides in favour of Pessimism, or rather "Malism," the preponderance of evil over good; only the hope of a hereafter can reconcile us to continuing life here.

The enquiry is introduced by some very interesting reflections upon the measurement of happiness. Attention is called to the want of a "eudemonistic unit," and to the difficulty of estimating one of the dimensions of pleasure, "subjective time."

"Contrast the estimates a man would make of the duration of two sundial hours—the first spent at an absorbingly interesting piece of work; the second, locked up in a dark cell, with a bad toothache."

As to the comparison of pleasures which differ not merely in degree but in order, it is admitted that "a very weak intellectual pleasure might be quite insignificant in comparison of an intense pleasure of sense." Yet difficulty is presented by the following case:—

"A man sees a dear friend drowning. He can save him by throwing a rope. Suddenly a whole mountain of tarts rises before him. They are to be his on condition of withholding the rope. . . . Magnify the mountain and the capacity of tart-enjoyment as you please, the man must yet throw the rope."

We should exceed our limits if we attempted to estimate the precise weight of these considerations, which certainly, unlike the objections commonly urged against Hedonism, are neither trite nor trivial. Whatever weight is attached to them must be taken from the subsequent reasoning, which rests upon an estimate of happiness.

To prove the worthlessness of earth without the prospect of heaven, Mr. Barlow calls in the German Pessimists. His own arguments have suffered by the connexion. The sterling coin is depreciated to the level of the base metal with which it is inseparably mixed. Much of the reasoning would have no currency outside the schools of the Pessimists. That Hartmann has recourse to transcendental assumptions—a subject laboured by Mr. Barlow through several pages—is no argument to the man who, with Mr. Sully, regards Hartmann's method as "essentially unscientific, inexact, superficial, and strongly suggestive of a pre-existing unreasoned conviction." The advocate, instead of arguing his case, employs himself in making his

witness ridiculous. He follows the devious track of the pessimistic metaphysics on to "the ultimatum" of absurdity, the "poulitice-theory of the universe," according to which "it is our duty to remain in life ourselves, and to continue the human species, in order, by our suffering, to alleviate the Divine misery." While the champion of Pessimism is thus chasing his ally through the desert, he leaves exposed the positions which it most concerned him to defend. He says, "Culture and happiness are antagonistic. For one desire satisfied, as culture is developed, a dozen new ones, before undreamed of, start into crowing life." But surely it is a matter of common experience—the maxim of the Duke of Wellington, if we remember rightly—that a sense of progress is an ingredient of happiness. The judgment of common-sense is methodised by Mr. Sully in his profound essay upon *Pessimism*. But we look in vain in Mr. Barlow's pages for a considered reply to the objections of philosophy and common-sense. On one point only does he join issue with Mr. Sully; unhappily, as it seems to us, while he insists that—for the thoughtful at least—the joy of life is poisoned by its brevity. Let us take an example which lies close to hand. The reader's keen enjoyment of Mr. Barlow's arguments will not be destroyed by the foreknowledge that this feast of reason is necessarily brief, hardly exceeding the limit of a hundred pages. The example—like the proverbial eagle's plume, perhaps—may serve against another pessimistic argument: that the pleasure of satisfied passion is ever overbalanced by the uneasiness of desire. It is not true of the liberal pursuits—the pleasures which Plato called pure. In studying this book the desire of knowledge, the continually raised curiosity, is so blended with its satisfaction, whether present or in immediate prospect, that the study is on the whole pleasurable. We do not here pronounce in favour of "Malism;" but that the book is well worth reading.

This favourable judgment is particularly applicable to the first part and the last part of the book. The middle is too largely occupied with the unprofitable task of sifting the brilliant rubbish of the pessimistic literature. At length we re-enter the rich vein of original though somewhat disconnected thought. The "hypothesis of a future life" need not be proved in order to supply us with a motive; a "bare possibility" suffices. The bare possibility must be admitted by the most dogmatic Materialist. For, even if consciousness and identity depend upon a certain aggregation and movement of particles, the dissolution of the material aggregate need not be the annihilation of the individual. For, when we consider the immensity of time, the immensity of space, and the innumerability of the atoms, we may recognise a mathematical, although incalculable, probability that a precisely similar material system, an identical consciousness, will recur. Much more are the infinite possibilities of the unknown to be admitted upon a more spiritual theory of mind—if behind the whizzing world of atoms there lies hid a Something of awful mystery and power.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

Of High Degree. By Charles Gibbon. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Only a Black Box. By Greville Phillimore. (Blackwood.)

Miss Cheyne of Essilmount. By James Grant. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Modern Hagar. By Charles M. Clay. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Darkened at Noontide. By Mrs. George Elliott Kent. (Sonnenschein.)

Tom Blinket. By A. M. Shrimpton. (The Literary Union.)

MR. GIBBON'S new story is not so powerful as *The Golden Shaft*, and there is in it no such striking character as Fiscal Musgrave. *Of High Degree*—the appropriateness of this title, by-the-way, is not quite apparent—is an excellent novel nevertheless, and is written in its author's best style. Mr. Gibbon wisely concentrates his artistic efforts on a limited number of portraits. The reader is allowed to be interested in the fortunes of only four persons—Ruth Clark, Dahlia Whitecombe, Humphrey Dottridge, and Stephen Meredith; for although a fifth, the scoundrel or adventurer of the book, plays a very important part in the development of the plot, he only dodges out and in, much as Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen did in the combat between the rival editors, and never gets really into the heart of the story, or of anyone in it. Dottridge and Ruth, as impersonating courage, steadfastness, and moral reserve power generally, are admirably drawn; and, as the foils to them, Dahlia and Meredith, with their imperfectly disciplined natures, are little, if at all, inferior. The incident on which the plot of *Of High Degree* hangs suggests "Auld Robin Gray" rather too readily. Some of the episodes, also, have a hurried *coup de théâtre* look. Dottridge recovers his health and his capacity for loving in a way which is not adequately explained; and the flight of Dahlia to Harwich, at the end of the third volume, seems forced, and serves no other end than to expose and defeat the designs of Lewis Rapiet, who is a very accomplished rascal indeed. Mr. Gibbon's skill in springing surprises on his readers is shown to advantage in this work, though it is not allowed to run riot. The story of a shipwreck, and of the adventures which follow it, is told with quiet effectiveness.

The plot of *Only a Black Box* is ordinary enough. But Colonel Drinkwater and Henry Raybrook, Mr. Phillimore's typical "soldier" and "priest," are men of a kind too rarely to be met with in novels, or, for that matter, in real life. They are the impersonations of honour, calm courage, and "eternal and immutable morality," as distinguished from Descartes' *morale par provision*, with which most people have to be content all their lives. The Colonel lectures too often and too long; but his old-fashioned arm-chair and slippered learning is a treat, as genuine as it is rare in fiction. Alfred Earne, who attains happiness through spraining his ankle, is rather a poor specimen of the present-day clergyman. Marie Drinkwater is but a shadowy heroine; and the author is not particularly successful in narrating how she recovers her

father and her hearing. Allan Macnab, a Scotch doctor, with a good heart under a rough exterior, is better drawn than either. But to nickname him "Aristides" because he has a habit of using the word "just" is only school-boy fun, and, as Earne would say, not "good form."

Mr. James Grant has written many worse novels than *Miss Cheyne of Essilmount*, and few better; and that is almost all that need be said of it by way of criticism. It is, of course, all *militaires* and miseries. But Bevil Goring (in spite of his name), Tom Dalton, and Jerry Wilmot have some sense as well as soul; and Alison Cheyne's misfortunes, although they include the death of her father, assault and robbery at Antwerp, dubious attentions from titled roughs, and a term of service as governess in a hideously vulgar English family, are scarcely so long drawn out as the agonies in which Mr. Grant usually plunges his heroines. Miss Cheyne's father, with his Scotch pride, poverty, and obstinacy, is somewhat of a caricature; but Mr. Grant has taken unusual pains with his portraiture of Archie Auchindoir, a retainer and character of the type—indeed, rather too obviously of the type—of Caleb Balderstone. Although the description of the Ashantee War which is introduced into *Miss Cheyne* is suggestive of scissors and paste, the book itself is sure to be read, and will be enjoyed by all save the hypercritical.

In *The Modern Hagar*, Mr. Clay gives a continuation of *Baby Rue*. But it is an amorphous, unsatisfactory work. It is styled a "drama;" but the next time the author contemplates producing anything of the kind, he should consult some stage-manager, or, at least, some scene-shifter of experience. The narrative is incoherent and spasmodic. Mr. Clay vaults in a most bewildering way from Mobile to Paris, from the Indian Frontier to the centre of the American Civil War. A mystery surrounds the movements of "The Modern Hagar" almost from the beginning of the book to the end, where she kills her betrayer, Hartley, who is the leading villain of the piece. There is undoubted power in Mr. Clay's writing, and at least one of his characters, "King Stan," is a striking one. But his power is apt to waste itself in sentimentalising, which has a stale flavour of Victor Hugo.

There is nothing very objectionable in *Darkened at Noontide*, though Arriott Langley's wife has to desert him and die before he can marry Margaret St. Osbert or Jones. But its style is the worst feminine falsetto. Mrs. Kent's characters are perpetually attitudinising or talking "quality" English. Captain Langley appears at his residence in this fashion:—"He left the shadow of the trees, and, with the air of a man who has resolved to risk all, strode with head erect and a haughty mien up to the door of his own house." The possibility of her lover's dying in the Ashantee War suggests itself to Margaret St. Osbert as "the sable messenger of Death coming to you amid all the fearful pageantry of a glorious death on the field of battle." So very fine a writer as the author of *Darkened at Noontide* ought, however, to know that no person, not even a squire, can

"undertake the matter of his youngest daughter's education into his own hands." Further, if it is true, then, pity 'tis 'tis true that "freezing each other into human icicles" is "too frequently the result of a mingling of the *crème de la crème* of English society with the skim-milk of middle-class ditto."

Within the compass of 113 pages, printed in large type, the medical man who is the hero of *Tom Blincket* loses two wives and their children. Yet he figures on p. 111 with a third wife, "a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy, six years of age," and "a fat, happy-looking, dark-eyed baby." Colonel Singleton, having failed to marry Tom Blincket's sister, marries her daughter, and on p. 112 she, too, figures with "her own young rogue." The reader of *Tom Blincket* will be grateful to the writer for this happy despatch. But there is nothing else in it to be grateful for.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1883. (Macmillan.) It might be thought that a standard publication such as this, which has now reached its twentieth year, need be welcomed only with the common form of laudation. We all refer to the book habitually, and cannot but feel thankful for its immense utility. But the circumstance that its originator has recently died, and that the responsible work of editing it has passed into new hands, seems to afford a convenient opportunity for saying a few words of candid advice. Full as it is of varied information, and on the whole accurate, it must not be concealed that much yet remains to be done before it can be considered the trustworthy book of reference that it ought to be. We would beg the new editor to bear in mind that it is not enough to collect the most recent statistics from every quarter of the globe. All facts are not equally valuable for scientific purposes, nor all figures equally important to the statesman—or "statist," as Mr. Browning will have it, recalling the Miltonic use. Statistics require to be digested, compared, and reduced to common denominators before they can teach their true lesson. And this intelligent treatment of them was always lacking in the late Mr. Martin's work. Again, it requires a great deal more carefulness than the new editor seems yet to be aware of in order to avoid absolute blunders, direct and indirect, which inevitably introduce themselves into a work of such large dimensions as this. Of a few such blunders that had caught our eye we have made a list, which we forbear to print here, as they would suggest an altogether erroneous impression of the real value of the book. But we cannot withhold our opinion that every figure (that is not merely transferred from official returns) should be scrupulously retested, and that a great deal of the connecting text should be entirely rewritten. Mr. Keltie has it in his power to make this *Year Book* worthy of its name, and to earn for himself lasting gratitude from all those who are able to distinguish between good workmanship and bad. The faults of the present issue it would be unjust to lay to his charge; but they ought not to occur again.

Letts's Popular Atlas: being a Series of Maps delineating the Whole Surface of the Globe, with many Special and Original Features, and a Copious Index of 23,000 Names. Complete Edition. (Letts, Son and Co., Limited.) To notice adequately this extraordinary work is beyond our power. In the first place, it contains no fewer than 156 double-page maps

—twenty-seven for the United Kingdom, thirteen for India, twenty-one for Canada and the United States, five for the Australian colonies, and so on. But it is not so much the number of the maps and their large scale that excite our wonder as the enormous amount of information, both strictly geographical and also statistical, which has been compressed into the work. Unless such a feat had been done, we should have doubted if it were possible. The art of scientific cartography is not at such a high point in this country that we can afford to put more strain upon it than it can bear. So far as regards the latest surveys, and also as regards accuracy of outline, this Atlas leaves much to be desired. But it must be recollected that its object is of a special character. It aims at giving information, in the form of a series of maps, which shall be practically useful to the inhabitants of a commercial and colonising country. Such an object we admit to be legitimate; and it has been accomplished with complete success.

General Lord Wolseley: a Memoir. By Charles Rathbone Low. (Bentley.) While carrying the history of his hero down to the close of last year, Mr. Low has judiciously compressed into a single volume of no great bulk the two volumes that appeared in 1878. In the case of a man whose actions are in a sense public, though not all widely known, it may fairly be argued that the general rule against biographies of the living ceases to apply. We remember to have been much interested in Mr. Low's first edition five years ago, for we then learnt for the first time of Lord Wolseley's services as a regimental officer in the trenches before Sebastopol and at the siege of Lucknow. The interest is not lessened, though altered, with which we now read about the recent operations in Egypt from the point of view of the headquarters staff. For, though this memoir is in no sense autobiographical, it may be presumed to contain nothing that its subject would wish to have concealed. The chapter devoted to Cyprus is unsatisfactory. Nothing could be made of that, even by Lord Wolseley; and the reticence here is more significant than the plain-speaking elsewhere. The much longer chapter concerning Zululand and the Transvaal deserves to be read carefully, though here again political difficulties overcloud military services. Mr. Low writes well, with the exception of an unfortunate fondness for Latin tags. The cattle and women that fell to the victorious Swazies after the storming of Secocoeni's stronghold were scarcely "*spolia opima*" (p. 388); "*bene ausus vana contemnere*" were not "the words pronounced by the Roman historian on Hannibal [!]" (p. 457); and Cinna was not "the conqueror of Sylla" (p. 482). On the cover are given the arms of Wolseley, without supporters. The deficiency is supplied in the new issue of *Debrett*, noticed below.

THE "Parchment Library," if our memory does not fail us, began with Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, which was quickly followed by *The Princess*. The latest addition to this charming series, for which book-lovers can never sufficiently express their thanks to Mr. Kegan Paul, is a brace of volumes entitled simply "Poems by Alfred Tennyson." No one, of course, will suppose them to be new poems; but our bibliographical knowledge is not sufficient to say whether the present arrangement is merely a reprint. It is more extensive than vol. i. of the "Author's Edition." We must content ourselves with stating that the book-lover will here find all the earlier short pieces which originally made Mr. Tennyson's reputation, and upon which that reputation will always largely rest. A third volume is yet wanting to give the later short poems—from "Lucretius" to "Rizpah." We cannot

profess to be altogether satisfied with the two drawings by Mr. W. B. Richmond, which have been reproduced, we fancy, by some mechanical process. It is in this matter of frontispieces—and in that alone—that the "Parchment Library" scarcely maintains the standard to which it has itself accustomed us. All else is well-nigh perfect, both in substance and in form.

WE may take this opportunity of remarking that the *Shakespeare* appearing in the same series has now reached its seventh volume, out of an ultimate total of twelve. This seventh volume contains the third part of "Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII."

The Epic of Kings. By Helen Zimmern. (Fisher Unwin.) The public are to be congratulated no less than Miss Zimmern upon this popular edition of a book that was deservedly one of the greatest successes of the Christmas season. Of so-called *éditions de luxe* we are no friends at any time, least of all when new literature takes that form which cannot be got in any other. The present issue offers every attraction that the true book-lover can legitimately ask for. And even in the case of Mr. Alma Tadema's etchings, we are not going to complain that are reproduced on a smaller scale. Plain people who want to read a book do not trouble themselves about remark proofs and early states. They leave such niceties to those who buy in order that they may sell again.

THE first edition of Mr. Lang's *Helen of Troy* appeared (unless we remember wrong) in plain cloth. The new edition—and this is a mark of affection we allow to new editions—comes to us in much daintier garb. The limp parchment cover bears an old French motto which is presumably meant to soften the hard heart of the race of critics. To our fancy, it is no less applicable to those persons who are fortunate enough to be possessed of this volume, and at the same time unfortunate enough to have nowhere else to keep it but a house in London. The publishers, we should have said, are Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

Poetry for the Young: a Graduated Collection in Four Parts. Complete in 1 vol. Illustrated. (Griffith and Farran.) Though not so stated on the title-page, the publishers inform us that this is a new edition. It contains illustrations, which are a distinct improvement; but, otherwise, we cannot find that any changes have been made. In our notice of the first edition (ACADEMY, February 18, 1882), we expressed a very high opinion of the judgment with which the poems have been selected. That opinion remains unchanged; but we regret to observe that two blunders we then commented upon have not been corrected. We may now add another of an odd character. In a note (p. 596) explaining Byron's allusion to Thermopylae in the "Iles of Greece," children are told that "300 Spartans, under their king Lycurgus [!] refused to fly." A further use of the book has also taught us that the poems are not reproduced with the extreme verbal accuracy which is desirable. In Mr. Browning's "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" there are at least three bad misprints and half-a-dozen changes of punctuation. Still, as our readers might perhaps infer from the poems we have referred to, there is no better collection of the kind in existence—to our knowledge.

The Sunbeam Library. Vol. II. (Longmans.) This second bound volume of sixpenny reprints contains two novels by the late Whyte Melville, together with Mr. W. Steuart Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. The mere list of contents suggests that it is not so much cheap reprints, as cheap reprints that shall also have a literary value, which ought to be welcomed.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN'S library edition of Richardson has been augmented by two new volumes (iii. and iv.), which finish *Pamela* and begin *Clarissa Harlowe*. But it will require two more of such instalments before *Clarissa Harlowe* is completed. If anything can induce the present generation to read Richardson, this handsome edition would.

THE new volume (viii.) of Mr. Edwin Waugh's complete works (Manchester and London: John Heywood) consists of *Rambles in the Lake Country*. We fancy that the contents originally appeared in one of the Manchester newspapers. However that may be, all those who have visited the Lakes—even if they came from the South—will be glad to read these pages, which have the genuine ring about them of pedestrian enjoyment.

WE have received from Messrs. Dean and Sons the "royal edition" of *Debrett*, so called (we suppose) from the fanciful emblazonment of the royal arms on the cover. Of a work which has entered upon its 170th year, it is not needful to say much. A new feature of this issue is a paragraph at the end of each peerage briefly enumerating the predecessors in title. In that appended to the earldom of Powis, we notice the extraordinary statement that Clive "dethroned and executed the Surajah" (*sic*). The last section of the work, styled "Companionage," is specially useful, for we are not aware that the information here given exists anywhere else. We must observe, however, that the native C.I.E.'s are altogether omitted, and that the details given about those of English birth are very scanty. Why has not the editor paid attention to our comment last year upon his portentous derivation (p. 16) of "sire" from the Greek? We would also protest against the taste which permits an advertisement of peculiar character to follow and face the last page of text.

MESSRS. KELLY AND Co. have sent us the two first parts of the English translation of M. Duruy's *History of Rome*, edited by Prof. Mahaffy. As we have from time to time expressed our high opinion of the French original, we need only comment upon the special features of this issue. The translation, by Mr. W. J. Clarke, seems fairly well done, though we cannot say that it reads quite as idiomatic English should. The editor has wisely restricted his intervention for the most part to the foot-notes. With the exception of the maps supplied by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, the illustrations are taken from the French edition, and look somewhat worn. There must no doubt be some good reason for the mode of publication in weekly and monthly parts; but it is alarming to calculate that we shall not have the whole work before us until the end of the year 1888; and that the total cost will be as much as £14 8s. And it must be remembered that this is a book for scholars, or at least for cultivated readers, rather than for the general public.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is now settled that Mr. J. Comyns Carr will be the editor of the new illustrated magazine to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The first number will appear in October.

WE hear that the *Cornhill Magazine* will shortly be reduced in price from one shilling to sixpence.

WE have reason to believe that one of our leading publishing firms has under consideration a project for establishing an annual publication resembling in some of its characteristics the *Almanach de Gotha*.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. have made arrangements to publish in this country immediately after Easter

the first two volumes of the "Riverside" edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works, to which we drew our readers' attention last week.

WE learn that the "Eminent Women" series of biographies, edited by Mr. John H. Ingram, will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., of Waterloo Place, and not by Mr. Bogue, as originally announced. Miss Mathilde Blind's monograph on *George Eliot*, which will commence the series, is to appear this month.

Shakespeare as an Angler is the title of a little book by the Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is an enlargement of some articles which appeared in the *Antiquary* in 1881, with additional notes. A limited number of copies will be printed on hand-made paper, and sold to subscribers only.

MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSHEIN AND Co. will publish next week a volume of sermons for children delivered at Croydon at various times by the Rev. E. M. Geldart. The book will be entitled *Sunday for our Little Ones: Unsectarian Addresses to the Young*.

John Pringle, Printer and Heretic, is the title of a novel dealing with Scottish theological life which will shortly be published by Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley.

WE understand that Miss Veitch is the author of *Angus Graeme*, a Scottish novel which has just appeared anonymously.

MESSRS. WILSON AND M'CORMICK, of Glasgow, announce that Walt Whitman's new work, *Specimen Days and Collect*, will be ready on March 19.

THE same publishers will issue immediately a new volume of poems, to be called *Wayside Songs, with other Verse*. The book will contain several specimens of the modern Scottish lyric. It is being printed on Dutch hand-made paper, and the impression is a limited one.

THE Camden Miscellany, vol. viii., will shortly be issued to members of the Camden Society who are subscribers for the present year, 1882-83. It will contain—(1) Four letters of Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, with a poem on his illness, edited by Prof. S. R. Gardiner; (2) Papers relating to the delinquency of Lord Savile, edited by Mr. J. J. Cartwright; (3) A secret negotiation with Charles I., edited by Mrs. S. R. Gardiner; (4) Memoir by M^{me}. de Motteville on the Life of Henrietta Maria, edited by M. G. Hanotaux; (5) Letters addressed to the Earl of Lauderdale, edited by Mr. O. A. Airy; (6) Original letters of the Duke of Monmouth, edited by Sir G. Duckett, Bart.; (7) Correspondence of the family of Haddock, edited by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; and (8) Letters of R. Thompson, edited by Mr. J. J. Cartwright.

WE understand that Mr. Edward King, author of *The Gentle Savage* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 10), is the Paris correspondent of the *New York Nation*.

THERE seems to be just now quite a run upon books and newspapers printed in various styles of phonography. Mr. Frederick Pitman proposes to issue in this form a series of standard novels and other works, which will begin with the *Pickwick Papers*, issued by permission of the owners of the copyright.

WE are glad to hear that a revised edition of Col. H. W. Lumsden's rhymed translation of *Beowulf* is now in the press. In this connexion we may mention that we have received a letter from Mr. James M. Garnett, of the University of Virginia, complaining of the notice of his translation of *Beowulf* which appeared in the ACADEMY of January 20. This letter is disqualified for publication (if for no other reason) because it throws aspersions upon the com-

petence of our reviewer. To print it would only call down fresh criticism.

AN accession has lately been made to the special Kentish Collection of books and pamphlets in Lambeth Palace Library by the gift of several works of the late A. J. Dunkin, of Dartford, by his sister, Miss Dunkin. The series chiefly treats of the archaeology of West Kent, but also includes portions of the whole county. We may again inform our readers that the privilege of borrowing modern books is extended to the resident clergy and laity of the diocese of Canterbury and to two parishes round Lambeth—viz., Southwark and Westminster.

MR. T. E. SCRUTTON has been appointed Professor of Constitutional Law and History at University College, London; and Mr. Alexander Henry, Professor of Jurisprudence and Lecturer on Indian Law.

AT a meeting of the Early-Scottish Text Society held last week in Edinburgh, Lord Moncrieff (the Lord Justice-Clerk) was elected president; and the Marquis of Lothian, the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Rosebery, Prof. Masson, and Col. Fergusson, vice-presidents. It was announced by the secretary and founder of the society, the Rev. Walter Gregor, that the number of members now exceeds three hundred. The work of printing will commence forthwith with the *King's Quhair*, edited by Prof. W. W. Skeat, who has already prepared the greater part of it for the press.

THE next meeting of the Browning Society will be held on Friday, March 30, instead of Friday, March 23, which, by an oversight, was put down in the list of dates for meetings. Mr. James Cotter Morison will take the chair. The paper will be on "Browning's Poems on God and Immortality, as bearing on Life here," by Mr. W. F. Revell.

THE report of Mr. R. D. Roberts to the Cambridge syndicate for conducting local lectures is very similar in its main features to the report of the London Society, upon which we commented last week. The area of the Cambridge system extends to some thirty centres, mostly in the North of England; but an increase in the number of the centres, growing enthusiasm among working-class audiences, and a deplorable deficiency of money are common to the two bodies. Local pecuniary support seems to have reached its limit; and no resource is left but to press for a share of the endowments now devoted to much less worthy objects.

IN a pamphlet entitled "Treitschke's deutsche Geschichte," Prof. Baumgarten, of Strassburg, strongly criticises the work of that writer, and maintains that his character is that of a strong party writer who can have little weight as a historian.

DR. E. ENGEL, whose *Geschichte der französischen Litteratur* was favourably noticed in the ACADEMY some months ago, has just issued (Leipzig: Friedrich) the first instalment of a *Geschichte der englischen Litteratur*, to be completed in eight or nine parts.

THE *World* contains a very curious contribution to the folk-lore of the hare. "Cet homme est comme le lièvre; il perd la mémoire en courant," is a French proverb, quoted by a correspondent of the *World*. Now, in the Hottentot legend, the hare *did* lose his memory as he ran. He met an insect whom the moon had sent to tell men that there was a future life; he offered to carry the message; he forgot it *en courant*, and said, "As the moon dies and perishes, so ye also shall die and come wholly to an end." The story is quoted from Bleek by Prof. Max Müller in his *Selected Essays* (i. 611). Is there any French story on the subject? M. Rolland probably can answer this question.

MR. SWINBURNE, in a letter to a contemporary last week, draws attention to an extraordinary coincidence. In Mr. Bullen's print of the MS. tragedy of "Sir John van Olden Barnaveit" occurs Milton's famous line—"That last infirmity of noble minds." If this line be examined in connexion with its context with the critical eye of a scholiast, it will probably not be rash to conjecture that it has simply been interpolated by a later hand.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL JOTTINGS.

THE latest addition to the "Q. P. Indexes," compiled by the indefatigable Mr. W. M. Griswold, now assistant librarian to Congress, is a General Index to the *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary*, and *Nineteenth Century*, from the foundation of the first-mentioned Review, in 1865, down to the middle of last year. Of the extreme value of such an Index it is needless to say a word. But it may be as well to warn English purchasers that Mr. Griswold adopts certain typographical devices, approved by the American Library Association, which look strange at first. We do not profess to have tested the accuracy of the work; but we are surprised to find none of Mr. Tennyson's famous contributions to the *Nineteenth Century* under the heading "Tennyson." Mr. Leck(ey)'s name, also, is misspelt. We believe that the "Q. P. Indexes" may be obtained in this country through Messrs. Trübner.

THE printed programme of the course of ten lectures on "Anglo-Saxon Poetry" which Prof. James A. Harrison has been delivering at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, contains a list of books on the subject so elaborate as to be of permanent bibliographical value.

In the *Literary World*, of Boston, for February 24 may be found a list of articles and books with reference to George Eliot that have appeared since her death.

Two bibliographical works are announced in France. One is a bibliography of Ana, by M. Louis Mohr, to supplement a book on the same subject that appeared in 1839. The other is a *Bibliographie des Bibliographies*, by M. Léon Vallée, an assistant in the department of printed books in the Bibliothèque nationale. This will contain references to about seven thousand lists of the works of authors and artists. It will be a single volume in two parts, one arranged according to the names of the authors, the other according to the subject-matter of their works. Every title will be set out at length, and, wherever possible, verified from the copies in the Bibliothèque nationale.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

IN justice to Messrs. Wendell Holmes, Whitier, and Aldrich we reprint their reasons against "free trade in books," which were not before us in full when we commented last week upon their petition to the Senate:—

"First, that the prosperity of authors is closely connected with the prosperity of publishers, who are their agents in manufacturing, advertising, and selling the books which they write. Second, that American books demand American publishers, and whatever seriously checks the business of publishing checks the freedom of writing. Third, that the removal or essential reduction of the existing tariff on books would give the foreign publisher an advantage over the American publisher by enabling him to occupy the American market with books written and made abroad at a lower rate than they can be made in this country. Fourth, that the effect will be to force American publishers into the publication of those copyright books only whose reputation has already been made, or of those which serve professional uses, as reports of courts and school-books. Fifth, that higher

literature will be discouraged, and that the greatest volume of current literature, which is in the form of reading for the young, will be guided by foreign authors instead of by men and women of their own nation."

BESIDES this petition, another was presented later in the same interest, signed by Mr. E. C. Stedman, who is described as "the poet," but who is probably better known in this country as a critic of poets. His reason for retaining the present duty is less wide than the reasons of the others, being only that it would be unfair to admit books free while the raw materials (presumably paper and plates) are still subject to taxation.

ON the other hand, a petition has been presented to the House of Representatives, signed by several hundred painters, sculptors, and other artists in favour of a Bill (printed at length in the ACADEMY of February 24) which provides for the free importation of works of art.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born on April 3, 1773. On the hundredth anniversary of that day a memorial edition of his *Life and Letters* is to be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, the representatives of the firm who "believed in him" when all others refused to reprint his early works. The edition is to be in three quarto volumes, limited to three hundred copies. It will be illustrated with portraits of the author himself at the age of twenty-five (from a recently discovered miniature), of Matilda Hoffman (from a picture which has never before been engraved), and of about sixty of his literary contemporaries, including his publisher, the late G. P. Putnam.

THE same publishers announce two new editions—one in a paper cover—of Washington Irving's *Life of Washington*.

PROF. JAMES A. HARRISON, of the Washington and Lee University, has nearly finished the opening volume of his cheap "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," in which he will have the help of Prof. March, of Lafayette, and Prof. Hunt, of Princeton. This first volume contains the epic of *Beowulf*, and has a very full Glossary. The second volume will be the *Exodus*, edited by Prof. Hunt. The library will ultimately form a complete corpus of Anglo-Saxon verse, and (it is hoped) prose, each text being published separately, with a special Glossary. We are glad to see this additional witness to the interest taken in the study of Anglo-Saxon in America. It contrasts most happily with the apathy here, where all publishers think that "Anglo-Saxon doesn't pay," and would as soon undertake an Urdu Library as an Anglo-Saxon one. Yet surely a volume of modern English translations of our best Anglo-Saxon pieces would pay in one of Bohn's Libraries. There must be enough students of English literature who desire to know what its earliest writers thought and said.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IN MEMORY OF DAVID GRAY.

(Born January 1838; Died December 1861.)

Is this the end?—a life of twenty years
A barren longing, and an aching heart,
A voice unheard 'midst tumult of the mart,
A poet's raptures and a lover's fears.
And then, a white-haired mother's bitter tears,
A blind surcease from God's appointed work,
A grave beneath the shadow of the kirk,
Crowned by the stone which tender love uprears.
Is this the end?—for then were living naught
But homeless voyage and impending wreck,
A school wherein the lie is ever taught,
A painted horror for the fool to deck,
A mocking puzzle to our weary thought,
A curse which follows at the devil's beck.

EUGENE MASON.

OBITUARY.

J. R. GREEN.

I CAN make no pretence to an intimate personal knowledge of the writer whose early death has been so great a loss to English literature, and a still greater loss to the circle of his friends. I only saw him once in the summer of 1881, when I visited him at his own request. After that, when his ill-health increased, I feared to weary him, and the visit was not repeated. But the short time which I spent with him made an ineffaceable impression of geniality on my mind, and I left him as one whose friendship I should eagerly have sought if circumstances had made it possible for me to do so. He was one of those of whom it might truly be said that "gladly would he learn, and gladly teach." He had so much to say which interested his hearer, and he took so deep an interest in that which his hearer in turn had to say to him.

Something of the same kind may be said of the work by which he will always be best known. No one who really wishes to learn can read his *Short History of the English People* without being impressed by the power of the writer to impart knowledge in a fresh and original form; nor can he compare that book with the subsequent larger History without being struck with the writer's conscientious desire to abandon pre-conceived notions, which we look in vain for in many authors of high repute.

In estimating, as far as it is possible to do, the value of Mr. Green's work, it is first necessary to ask what we expect from a historian. If it is to give us a thoroughly accurate account of events which have happened, no doubt Mr. Green has often been found wanting. It is mere panegyric, and nothing else, to speak of him as here and there substituting one name for another, or one date for another. He was often incorrect on matters of much higher importance than these. Readers who have a special acquaintance with any part of his vast subject can easily suggest sources of information which he has neglected and arguments to which he has paid no attention. But is not fullness of knowledge incompatible with the undertaking of so vast a work as a complete History of England, and would he not have himself delayed his undertaking if it had been possible for him to do so? A reviewer has necessarily to confine himself to the book of which he undertakes to give an estimate. He knows nothing—it is his business to know nothing—of the writer's difficulties, as it is the business of the judge to know nothing of the previous temptations of the culprit before him. But there are times—and this is one—when we may ask ourselves, not so much what a book is, as how it came to be what it is. Those who have cried out loudly about Mr. Green's inaccuracy, and who, though they are silent know, will cry out just as loudly when another year has passed, would do well to think at what a cost greater accuracy is to be attained. Anyone who writes history knows of the frequent searches into authorities, the necessity of running off, even when proof-sheets are in hand, to the Record Office or the Museum to verify a reference suspected to have been wrongly made. How could an invalid weakened by disease do all this? How could he stop to master the latest teaching of ethnology, or to study some new work on constitutional law, or to make himself at home in the political science of Bacon or Burke? His work has to be done in haste with what intellectual furniture he has, lest death should overtake him in doing that which, if it had been possible, he would willingly have delayed for another ten or fifteen years.

If this is true, however, it is not the whole of the truth. If Mr. Green had been able to defer

his work for twenty years there is no reason to suppose that he would ever have attained anything like the accuracy, say, of Mr. Freeman. It was not in his nature to do so, though it was in his nature to aim at it. But, for all that, it is not impossible that he may have been able to impart to us something that Mr. Freeman does not give us. Both these writers have the invaluable power of making the past live before us, but they do it in a very different way. Mr. Freeman fixes on concrete facts, on geographical positions, acts recorded to have been done, or laws issued by authority. At these he gazes till he makes them tell their secret and the secret of the men among whom these things were done. Mr. Green proceeded in a precisely opposite way. That which impressed him most in men was that they were alive. That which he saw in history was the continuous life of the race, the change of thought which makes each generation differ from the last. Is this consciousness of the presence of a living continuity in the race a small matter? Is it not rather the very result which the modern scientific school of historians are labouring to reach? The danger has been that this work might be done in such a way as to repel all but a select circle. Mr. Green has shown that it yields itself to high imaginative treatment. When the faults of his work are pointed out, I feel inclined to answer with Galileo, *E pur si muove*.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

My first acquaintance with the late J. R. Green was made at Oxford in the autumn of 1859, when he was a senior man, about to pass his first school in greats, and I was in my freshman's term. Our intimacy was not of long duration; he took a London curacy, and, as we were not able to see much of each other, we slowly parted company. During the last ten years I have had no direct communication with him—have only heard of him occasionally through mutual friends. What I have to say, then, about him holds good only of four or five years of his life some twenty years ago.

When I first met him I was at once struck with his bright, speaking eyes, and his remarkably sparkling conversation, the like of which I have never heard since. I was once able to identify him by his conversation. A country clergyman mentioned to me his having met at a dinner in a friend's house a most wonderful person, who made himself exceedingly pleasant, and enchanted everyone by the racy way in which he said whatever he had to say. My friend did not know who he was, but there was no mistaking the description; only one man in Oxford answered to it; that was J. R. Green.

His interests in those days were various enough—architecture, theology, natural science, and, above all, English history. Dean Stanley was a professor then in Oxford, and had the discernment to pick Green out of the crowd which attended his lectures for especial notice. The good canon, as he was then, did the subject of my notice a life-long benefit; he encouraged him and directed him in his work. The pupil took up the canon's theology, not under, I think, any special influence of the canon's—the Broad Church leaders, to their great credit be it said, have always disdained the use of personal influence—but under the general influences which then drew most intelligent men at Oxford to that way of thinking. Theology, as such, he did not, to my knowledge, lay much to heart, his general notion being that all religious opinions were in a way good and true, and to be tolerated. To explain this he would resort to a simile, "truth is a sphere," he would say, "which has opposite sides." He wrote to me once that it was not

being tolerant to be tolerant only of the tolerant—the Stanleys and Jowetts of the world—but to be tolerant also of the intolerant, the narrow, and the bigoted. He did not, in those days at least, take much to general views of things; he never talked metaphysics, nor art, except architecture, which, with him, was mainly a department of archaeology; his interest in history seemed to me chiefly of an antiquarian cast. The first sight he took me to see on my first visit to London was St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, that which used to be pictured on the outside of the old series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He remarked, when we were looking at it, that he was probably the only man in London who would have taken me to see it. At Oxford, when we were crossing Magdalen Bridge together, he told me how Shelley, on that very bridge, stopped a woman with a child in her arms in order to ask the child whether it remembered having existed before birth. The pre-existence of the soul was the subject Shelley and his companion were discussing, which it was attempted to settle by that strange question. I shall not easily forget the dramatic effect with which the story was told me, and words put into Shelley's mouth appealing to the infant's pure and uncontaminated nature. The persons, the scenes, the buildings of the past, all of it, in fact, that was picturesque, attracted his chief attention then. He may in this have been unconsciously under the influence of Dean Stanley, whose style of writing he greatly admired. He took pleasure in settling disputed points of history, and would spend much time and labour in resolving them—such, for instance, as the first appearance of Oxford in authentic history, to which he devoted a large portion of an article he contributed to a college magazine. The last charge to which I should have expected his historical work would have been liable is the charge of inaccuracy; it was the historical virtue in which, of all others, I should have expected him to excel; it was the virtue he esteemed most in others; he would even take pleasure in a dry statement of facts if it were accurate. The historical work which I have heard him praising most was a book of Prof. Stubbs, containing only lists of names and dates, with not one single mistake. Mr. Freeman's great work had not then appeared.

There was a sort of discrepancy in his character which, perhaps, may be accounted for by this shyness of his towards general views which I seem to remember in him. He was as unlike the average Englishman as a man well could be, communicative, witty, passionate, never dull, never insipid, at times, but rarely, somewhat prim and sentimental, and at the same time most orthodox in accepting what were then, at least, the usual objects of an Englishman's idolatry. He would defend abuses, he professed to be a lover of anomalies as such, French clearness of thought he disparaged as empty; he would denounce or despise, as it happened, the Celtic or Latin notion of paring anomalies away, and setting everything, political and religious, in order by the rule of reason.

To those whom he liked no one could make himself so delightful, but no one in his younger days made himself more enemies. He had a terrible gift of sarcasm; he knew it, it gave him a sense of power, and he may possibly have used it sometimes for the pleasure of using it. He was a most awkward opponent in any wordy debate, his repartee was instantaneous and decisive, never spiteful nor malicious. He was not popular with his contemporaries; such persons seldom are; the fault was probably more often theirs than his. To his intimates his singular individuality of character, his tender love, his perpetual wit, and his great power of sympathy rendered him the most

fascinating of friends. Half-hours in his company were never dull; and, when the need arose, no one could show more delicate or more helpful sympathy than such as I have known him to bestow on those whom he had made his friends.

H. LL. BROWNE.

[We may add a few facts about Mr. Green's early days that have been communicated to us. He was the elder son of the late Mr. Richard Green, of Oxford. He was a pupil at Magdalen College School, then under Dr. J. E. Millard; but, getting into the sixth form when very young, he was removed to a private tutor's—first to Dr. Ridgway, and then to Mr. C. Duke Yonge, of Leamington. It was Mr. Yonge who sent him up, merely as a trial, to compete for an open scholarship at Jesus College when he was only in his sixteenth year. He won the scholarship, though he was too young to come into residence; and he always regretted that he was over-persuaded by his guardian out of his own desire to throw it up and try his chance elsewhere.—ED. ACADEMY.]

JAMES DAVIES.

THE Rev. James Davies, who, until prostrate with illness, was a frequent contributor to the ACADEMY, died on Sunday last, March 11, at Moor Court, Kingston, Herefordshire. Fond of his garden, fonder of social intercourse, and fondest of his books, it is no secret that his life was shortened through having made literature, not (as it might have been) an agreeable pastime, but an absorbing pursuit. But this thoroughness was his characteristic. If there was no great originality in his opinions nor profundity in his remarks, all that he said and wrote bore witness to the ungrudging labour he bestowed on the mastery of his facts. He was a most conscientious critic, an elegant scholar, and a man of sympathies as wide as was the range of his reading. His services to the cause of education, not only when master of Ludlow Grammar School, but as diocesan inspector of schools, were great; and much of the pleasantest reading in the *Saturday Review* for a long period came from his genial pen, which never wrote an unjust or uncharitable word.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

KARL WITTE.

ALL students of Dante will learn with deep regret the unexpected death of Prof. Karl Witte, which took place at Halle, on March 6, in his eighty-third year. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the many editions, translations, commentaries, and original researches by which he has successfully elucidated, during more than half-a-century, both the *Divina Commedia* and the minor works of the immortal Italian poet. The great work which had occupied his whole attention up to the last moments was an edition of the earliest and still unpublished Commentary to the *Divina Commedia* by Sir Graziolo of Bologna. It is earnestly to be hoped that this work, which was commenced with the support of the Prussian Government, will not be left unfinished, but entrusted to some successor—if, indeed, any competent successor can be found.

H. KREBS.

THE news of the death of Mr. Ashton Dilke at the early age of thirty-two is doubly mournful from the fact that his illness was first caused during his travels in Russia for the sake of informing himself on the manners and customs of its people, and that it was accelerated by his devotion to his parliamentary duties last autumn. It was in the history of that great country of Eastern Europe that he was chiefly interested, and he at one time purposed publishing a work descriptive of its social life

at the present day. The only volume on which his name appears is a translation of Tourgenieff's novel of *Virgin Soil*, but he contributed in 1875 an essay on the local government and taxation of Russia to a volume of the Cobden Club Essays. Several articles by him appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* and other magazines, and since he purchased the *Weekly Dispatch* he had not ceased to take an active interest in its welfare. It is sad to think of the premature end which has been put to what would no doubt have been a brilliant career.

MR. JOHN POPE DRAKE died at Fowey on the 26th ult. He was born at Stoke Damerell in 1794, and was apprenticed in youth, by a special order of the Navy Board, to Mr. Tucker, the master shipwright of the Dockyard. Mr. Drake was gifted with great inventive talent, which he showed in numerous improvements in the construction of vessels and cannon. His friends claimed for him the invention of armour-plating for war-ships, of the steam ram, and of revolving covered platform for big guns. A series of articles on Drake's breech-loading cannon appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for 1857 and 1858; and particulars of his inventions for rendering the missiles and projectiles used in warfare more prompt in their action were published in the *Standard* of November 26, 1866, and in the *Morning Herald* of December 5, 1866. Mr. Drake's son, Dr. Henry Holman Drake, edited for the Harleian Society the Visitation of Cornwall in 1820, and has long been engaged upon a revised and enlarged edition of Hasted's History of Kent.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

By far the best paper in the present number of the *Antiquary* is Mrs. Damant's second contribution on Ulster superstitions. It is impossible to say what is new in folk-lore, for each tale has numberless variants. There is one, if not more, in Mrs. Damant's article which is quite new to us. The Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrna contributes a useful paper on the preservation of antiquities. After pointing out that war, religious fanaticism, and mere prejudice against things old were our great enemies in the times that are gone, he says that the rage for improvement and the theory that a man may do what he likes with his own are at present the two giants which we have to fight. There is something to be said for the rage for improvement. Though often unwise and needlessly destructive, it has a good side to it which no sensible archaeologist can forget. The other notion, that a man can have an absolute right of property in historical monuments, so that he may destroy them for mere whim, cannot be defended by anyone who has had a rudimentary training in moral science. To destroy an object which is of interest and gives pleasure to all intelligent people is, as the writer justly says, an outrage to civilisation of similar character to the purchase or sale of a slave. In the one case it is a wrong to an individual; in the other, to civilised society. Half barbarous people of the lowest class will sometimes do these things out of savage wantonness; and then, because they trench on other people's property rights, they are justly punished; but no blame commonly attaches to the rich landowner who levels a camp or permits a British fortification to be used as a stone quarry. Mr. Herbert A. Grueber has a paper on the coinage of the Romans which is far too short for justice to be done to the subject. There is also a compact and useful account of certain pictures of the time of Charles II. now the property of the borough of Sandwich.

THE numbers of the *Revista Contemporanea* for February contain a chapter on the period

preceding the discovery of America, from the forthcoming volume of Rodriguez-Ferrer's work on Cuba. He maintains that Columbus had always a favourable reception in Spain, that the execution of his plans was deferred only until the issue of the siege of Granada, and that Cuba was the first important land at which he touched. A fragment of a seventeenth-century novel, *Juan de Peralta*, the scene of which is laid in Mexico, is reprinted by Jimenez de la Espada. The "Moallakas" by Vicente Tinajero conclude the life of Imroulcays, and give a translation of his *Moallaka*; that of Amr son of Colthoum is to follow. Suarez Capalleja continues his studies on Longfellow; and Don Carlos María Perier, in two articles, treats late events in Egypt as part of the Eastern question. In art, Señor Peña y Goñe criticises the "Mefistofeles" of Boito; opening with a lively satire of the actual art-criticism of Madrid, he praises highly the prologue and the versification of the *libretto*, but speaks doubtfully of the rest. In "The Theatre of 1882-83" Charro-Hidalgo declares that only two pieces worthy of note have appeared—the "Conflicto entre dos Deberes" by José Echegaray, and "Las esculturas de Carné" by Señor Sellés; the rest are merely imitations of the French naturalistic school.

MISS NORTH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A PRIVATE letter from Miss Marianne North dated February 5 gives a dismal description of the discomforts of South African travel, and of the barrenness of South African scenery. Her journey thus far does not appear to have been productive of many new subjects for her gallery at Kew. "The country," she writes, "is all dried up." She finds very few flowers, and hardly any worth painting. The forests have almost disappeared, and such patches as here and there remain are doomed to speedy destruction. The climate is very trying. Flies swarm as in Egypt, and the heat is most oppressive. The scenery, too, is extremely monotonous, the mountains being mostly crowned with flat-topped lines of cliff about three hundred feet in height, upon which are uplifted extensive reaches of table-land. These table-lands are diversified by deep "klafts," or valleys. In these "klafts" Miss North finds *Zamia*, *Agapanthi*, and *Tritonias* in large numbers; also splendid *Convolvuli* "trailing on the dry ground." Queenstown is described as standing in a desert 6,000 feet above the sea. It is a rambling, far-reaching city, relieved by a sprinkling of gardens and gum-trees. Going from Queenstown over the Katberg, Miss North found enormous red lilies—all red, and quite leafless—growing straight up from among beds of stones on a barren hill-side, which looked as if clothed in crimson. The flowers were poor, but of amazing size, some blooms measuring eighteen inches in diameter. At the time of writing this letter, Miss North had taken up her quarters in a kind of farm-house at a place called Perr's Forest, situate apparently on the table-land of the Katberg. Here she finds oranges growing in the open air, and in the neighbouring woods a few big "yellow-wood" trees covered with creepers and long "monkey-ropes." These woods seem to consist chiefly of jungle. The inland travelling is all done in bullock-carts, four, six, and even ten bullocks being harnessed to a single waggon. Driven by native Kaffirs, these bullocks convey the carts very safely and dexterously up and down the most break-neck places and across swollen and dangerous torrents. Miss North is much disappointed, thus far, in the results of her present journey; but she hopes for better fortune at Durban, to which place she will by this time have shifted her sketching-camp.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BENNDORF, O. Vorläufiger Bericht üb. zwei österreichische archäologische Expeditionen nach Kleinasien. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M.
COMPARETTI, D., e G. DE PETRA. La Villa Ercolanese del Pisoni. Turin: Loescher. 125 fr.
DAUDET, E. La Calcaire. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr.
FREY-HEROSE, F. Bundesrat. Aus der handschriftlich hinterlassenen Autobiographie. Aarau: Sauerländer. 2 M.
HEISS, A. Les Médailleurs de la Renaissance. Léon-Baptiste Alberti, Matteo de' Pasti et Anonyme de Pandolphe IV Malatesta. Paris: Rothschild. 40 fr.
KELCHNER, E. Die Marienthaler Drucke der Stadtbibliothek zu Frankfurt am Main, bibliographisch beschrieben. Frankfurt-a-M.: Baer. 5 M.
PARIS, E. Le Musée de Marine du Louvre. Paris: Rothschild. 200 fr.
SAND, George. Correspondance de. T. 4. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
SARABANO, P. L' ideale della Democrazia. Parma: Rossi-Ubaldi. 16 fr.
STIEGLITZ, A. de. Etude sur l'Extradition. Paris: Durand & Pedone-Lauriel. 5 fr.
VALENTINI, A. Del Meccanismo di una Banca popolare. Milan: Reggiani. 10 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- EWALD, P. De vocis *σωτήρης* apud scriptores Novi Testamenti vi ac potestate. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 3 M.
GEBHARDT, O. v. u. A. HARNACK. Texte u. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur. 1. Bd. 3. Hft. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 6 M.
JACOBSEN, A. Untersuchungen üb. die synoptischen Evangelien. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.
LOTZ, W. Questionum de historia sabbati libri duo. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 6 M.

HISTORY.

- BAZAINE, L'ex-Maréchal. Episodes de la Guerre de 1870, et le Blocus de Metz. Madrid: Gaspar. 10 fr.
CARDON, R. Svolgimento storico della Costituzione inglese. Vol. 1. Turin: Loescher. 6 fr.
FAVARO, A. Galileo Galilei e lo Studio di Padova. Florence: Le Monnier. 15 fr.
GHETTI, D. Storia della indipendenza italiana. Turin: Loescher. 7 fr. 50 c.
KEUSLER, J. v. Zur Geschichte u. Kritik d. bürgerlichen Gemeindefestizes in Russland. 2. Thl. 1. Hälfte. St. Petersburg: Ricker. 5 M.
KOHLE, J. Beiträge zur germanischen Privatrechts-Geschichte. 1. Hft. Urkunden aus den antiken Archivi der Biblioteca comunale v. Verona. Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M.
LUBION, F. La Guerre turco-russe de 1877-78: Campagne de Suleyman-Pacha. Paris: Baudoir.
OTTOLENGHI, L. La Vita e i Tempi di Giacinto Provana di Collegno. Turin: Loescher. 5 fr.
SCHIEMANN, Th. Der älteste schwedische Kataster Liv- u. Estlands. Reval: Kluge. 1 M. 80 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BELLARDI, L. I Molluschi dei Terreni terziari del Piemonte della Liguria. Parte 3. Turin: Loescher. 30 fr.
CANTONI, C. Emanuele Kant. Vol. 2. Milan: Ottino. 5 fr.
CHALLEMEY, LACOUR, P. La Philosophie individualiste. Etude sur Guillaume de Humboldt. Paris: Germer-Bailière. 2 fr. 50 c.
KRUKENBERG, C. F. W. Die Farbstoffe der Vogeleier-Schalen. Würzburg: Stahel. 1 M. 20 Pf.
REICHENBACH, H. G. Xenia orchidacea. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Orchideen. 3. Bd. 3. Hft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BROCHMANN, M. De *γὰρ* particulae usu Herodoteo. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
FUMI, F. G. Contributi alla Storia comparata della Declinazione Romanza di Prode e di Apud. Palermo: Tip. dello Statuto. 5 fr.
GRASEBERGER, L. Die griechischen Stichnamen. Ein Beitrag zur Würdigg. der alten Komödie u. d. att. Volksweisen. Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M. 60 Pf.
HENNING, R. Nibelungenstudien. Strassburg: Trübner. 6 M.
KORLING, E. Die nordische u. die englische Version der Tristan-Sage. 2. Thl. Sir Tristrem. Heilbronn: Henninger. 12 M.
KUBSCHAT, F. Wörterbuch der litauischen Sprache. 2. Thl. Litauisch-deutsches Wörterbuch. Halle: Waisenhauss. 12 M.
NISSEN, P. Der Nominativ der verbundenen Personalpronomina in den ältesten französischen Sprachdenkmälern. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 1 M. 60 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COMPLEMENTARY LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET.

Settlington Rectory: March 10, 1883.

I have read with considerable surprise the abstract given in to-day's ACADEMY of a paper by M. Clermont-Ganneau on the origin of certain letters of the Greek alphabet. The supposition that as early as the seventh

century B.C. it should have been ordained by some mysterious authority that a malformed *t* should henceforward represent the sound *kh*, or that *o* should in future have the value of *ph* instead of *g*, is incredible, and contrary to the elementary canons of palaeographic science.

Any theory which assumes the arbitrary invention of alphabetic signs belongs to the pre-scientific epoch. Slow and unconscious differentiation by means of minute and insensible variations proves historically, as Geiger has observed, to have been the mode in which the transformation of letters and words, as well as of animals and plants, has been effected. More than twenty years ago, Ritschl laid down the law, which is now accepted as axiomatic, that scientific palaeography rests on the assumption that no alphabetic changes are accidental or arbitrary, but are the result of evolution, taking place in accordance with fixed laws. The additional letters of the Greek alphabet must have been obtained by the same process which in our own alphabet evolved *u* and *v* or *i* and *j* out of symbols which originally represented the consonantal as well as the vocalic sounds.

While it is impossible to admit, as M. Clermont-Ganneau contends, that *f* was a hybrid, generated out of *z*, there is no difficulty in understanding that *f* (*w*) and *y* (*u*) may have been differentiated symbols, arising out of the primitive *vau* *f*, which must originally have denoted the sound of *u* as well as of *v* (*w*). In like manner *o* and *e* were obviously variants of another primitive sign; the letter *phi*, as the Sigeian inscription indicates, having arisen dialectically in an Aeolic region, where the sounds *ph* and *th* were easily confused or interchanged. So, again, that *x* should have arisen out of *t* is manifestly impossible; whereas early Cretan inscriptions, in which the form of *chi* is almost indistinguishable from that of *kappa*, tend to confirm the intrinsically probable supposition that *x* and *k* are merely differentiated forms of the same symbol, respectively appropriated to denote the aspirated and the unaspirated guttural.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE HEBREW THEORY OF THE SOUL.

Edinburgh: March 12, 1883.

In supplement of Mr. Cheyne's interesting letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, allow me to point out in a single word, and without prejudging M. Derenbourg's arguments, which I have not seen, that the use of *nefesh* and its dialectic equivalents for a funeral stele is not specifically Jewish. The Talmud, no doubt, has it from the heathen Aramaeans. In the bilingual (Aramaic and Greek) inscription of Soueideh (De Vogüé, *Syrie centrale: Inscr. sem.*, p. 89) the Greek equivalent is *σῆμα*. The term is also found at Palmyra (*ibid.*, p. 38), at Petra (*ibid.*, p. 90), and on Himyaritic inscriptions (see Mordtmann in *Z. D. M. G.*, xxxii. 202). The idea that the soul dwells where the body is buried is easily proved to be familiar to the Semites. It survives among the Arabs to this day; see, for example, the very interesting verses given at p. 27 of Wetzstein's *Reisebericht* (1860). The grave of an ancient Arab was visited with libations and sacrifices, and the mourner who passed the night there was sometimes answered by the *sadā* of the dead (*Hamasa*, p. 399 et seq. of Freytag's edition). This *sadā* is often represented as a screech owl. Over the grave of one whose blood is unavenged it cries, "Give me blood to drink." Compare Gen. iv. 10.

WM. ROBERTSON SMITH.

THE SPELLING OF THE LATIN "CAECUS."

Cambridge: March 10, 1883.

May I be allowed to point out a curious misprint in the kindly notice of my *Gothic*

Grammar in the ACADEMY of March 3, p. 153? I there find: "*haihs*, with one eye, is compared with Latin *caecus*. We prefer to write *caecus*, just as we write *haedus*, compared with Gothic *gaita*." But, as a fact, I have actually printed *caecus*, as I ought to have done. To test this requires good eye-sight, as the italic print is somewhat small, and the difference between *c* and *e* in italics is slight. Compare, however, for examples of *c*, the Anglo-Saxon words corresponding to Gothic *aft*, *aftana*, in my Glossary; and, for examples of *e*, the Latin *canobita* given in my Dictionary s. v. *canobite*. The difference will appear if this comparison be made. How familiar the spelling with *c* is to me may be seen by consulting my edition of the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Gospels. In St. John, chap. ix. (following the MS.), I print *caecus* (with *a* and *e* apart) seven times, and *cæcus* once.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST.

London: March 10, 1883.

May I demur to Mr. Keary's definition of the anthropologist as "not the student of human nature as a whole, but of that part of it revealed by savage life"? Greek, Egyptian, French, German, English life must be studied by the anthropologist no less than the life of the Andaman Islanders and the Papuans. Why the studies of the anthropologist should be supposed to be confined to "visual phenomena," one fails to understand. The anthropologist is as much interested in the Cornish housemaid who did not kill spiders because her late master (the rector of the parish) was believed to have become a spider as in the Zulu who spares serpents in which he recognises his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, and other deceased relatives.

A. LANG.

A MEDIAEVAL LATIN PROVERB.

Trinity College, Oxford: March 6, 1883.

In a collection of excerpts from Latin poets which I have just been examining in the Bodleian, I came across the following mediaeval version of the proverb "When the cat's away the mice will play" which may be new to some of your readers:—

"Murilego mures fiunt absente r(ē)elles." *Murilegus* for "cat" is given by Ducange. Is it known when the word first came into existence? In the MS. (Bodl. 570, fol. 119a) it is spelt *mure lego*, and the *eb* of *rebelles* has dropped out.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

POOLE'S "INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE."

Manchester: March 10, 1883.

The *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1856 is not included in Poole's *Index*. Is it, however, correct to say that the first draft of "The Blessed Damosel" appeared in this periodical? I always understood that it originally appeared in the *Germ* in 1848, where I have read it. This is now excessively rare, and is also absent from Mr. Poole's work.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 19, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Suggestions on the Voice-Formation of the Semitic Verb," by M. Bertin.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Original and Borrowed Civilisation," by Dr. E. B. Tylor.

7.30 p.m. Aristotelian: "Kant's Critic of Pure Reason" (continued), by the Rev. E. P. Scrymgeour.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute.

TUESDAY, March 20, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Education in India and the India Commission on Education," by the Rev. James Johnston.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Social and Commercial Aspects of New Zealand," by Mr. W. D. Hay.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Summit-level Tunnel on the Bettws and Festiniog Railway," by Mr. W. Smith.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Oviduct of *Omerus*, with Remarks on the Relations of the Teleostian with the Ganoid Fishes," by Prof. Huxley; "A New Species of *Bufo* from Japan," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Remarks on the List of British Birds," by Mr. Slater.

WEDNESDAY, March 21, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Supposed Pre-Cambrian Rocks of St. Davids," by Dr. Archibald Geikie; "Boulders of Hornblende Pierre near the Western Coast of Anglesey," by Prof. T. G. Bonney.

8 p.m. British Archaeological: "Ancient Stained Glass at Hampstead and Oxford connected with Bishop Butler," by Mr. E. Walford; "Antiquarian Discoveries at Westminster and on the Site of St. Leonard's Church, Eastcheap," by Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock.

THURSDAY, March 22, 7 p.m. London Institution: "Beethoven's Later Sonatas," by Mr. Ernst Pauer.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Self-Purification of River Waters," by Mr. W. N. Hartley.

SCIENCE.

VIRCHOW'S OLD TROJAN TOMBS AND SKULLS.

Alt-Trojanische Gräber und Schädel. Von Rudolf Virchow. (Berlin: Verlag der Kön. Akademie der Wissenschaften.)

THE reconstruction of Trojan ethnology is full of the greatest importance for a right estimate of Dr. Schliemann's wonderful excavations. From the remains at hand for the solution of this question, the great German physiologist, who has himself been for so many years active in unearthing mute testimonies of the past both in Europe and Asia Minor, gives with due care and caution a highly interesting description in *Old Trojan Tombs and Skulls*. Considering the scantiness of the material, he does not strongly commit himself to any fixed theory as to the origin and kinship of the people who once dwelt on the hill of Hisarlik and its neighbourhood. But more than once he points to the possibility of a Thracian connexion; and here, I believe, the ultimate solution will be found.

For my own part, I have for some time past brought forward this hypothesis as a strong conviction, forced upon me by a comparison of all the passages in classic authors which bear upon the Trojan, Thracian, Getic, and Gothic tribes.

Dr. Virchow's procedure is, it need not be said, based upon craniology. He tries to solve obscure race-questions from the outer structure of man, so far as this can be done with any degree of certainty. Frequent enquiries have, however, taught him that points of extraordinary contact are often to be found among populations apparently the most widely divergent, so much so, that doubt now and then arises even as to the Aryan, Semitic—nay, Hamitic—character of a special skull whose origin is not known. In order to justify the extreme reserve with which he avoids too positive assertion, he refers to his examination of skulls from the Libyan oases presented to him by Dr. Rohlfs, the African explorer. He found among them both long heads and heads of medium height, with more or less prominent jaws—in other words, dolichocephalic and mesocephalic, prognathous and less prognathous specimens. In the same way he found, among the mummy skulls received from M. Mariette, a most ancient long-headed one, while others belong to the short-headed type. When we remember the successive waves of tribal conquests in Northern Africa, and the differences of

race often embodied in caste-systems, these divergent results cannot create any surprise.

The skulls and bone-fragments which form the subject of Dr. Virchow's present examination come from three places—Hanai Tepe, a hill of the Troad; Ren-köi, near the site of the ancient Ophrynyon; and Hissarlik, identified by Dr. Schliemann with Ilios. A solitary specimen of a skull was also furnished from Tehamlidcha by Mr. Frank Calvert, to whom Dr. Virchow owes most of his material. Unfortunately, the specimens from the probable site of Troy are so broken and defective that they had to be taken to pieces and re-composed six or seven times, without any satisfactory result. Many bones had, during the long period of their being buried in the ruins, got entirely out of shape; large parts of the skulls are missing. A certain arbitrariness in the attempts at restoration cannot, therefore, be avoided. Experiments had, moreover, to be stopped at last from fear of entirely destroying the fragile material. This fact alone will show that hasty conclusions must be avoided, quite irrespective of the smallness of the number of specimens on which an opinion can in this case be founded.

Upon the whole, the oldest skulls from the three places mentioned have, according to Dr. Virchow, more of a long-headed structure, with a single exception. The short heads and the heads of medium height prevail at Ren-köi, the only two instances there of apparent dolichocephalic structure being due to an accident. "The idea," Dr. Virchow here says,

"that Turanian admixture is the cause of relative short-headedness must for the nonce be relegated to the background, seeing that the other characteristics very little favour such an assumption. Since I have found that the Albanians as well as the Armenians are short-headed, the necessity of going back to Turanian sources for the explanation of brachycephalism among Aryan nations has become very small. On the other hand, the question, raised by me already in a previous lecture, as to whether Thracian affinities should not be claimed for the Trojan population has gained in probability by my new experience."

In a later part of his book, Dr. Virchow remarks that, just as Bulgars and Albanians in our time are flocking over to Asia Minor from the opposite shores (the ancient Thrace), thus changing the ethnical character of the Anatolian population, so similar relations existed in farthest antiquity, as may be seen from classic authors and especially from the Iliad. "But the old, and more particularly the prehistoric, anthropology of Thrace has yet to be constructed; for the present, almost all material is wanting." Dr. Virchow, of course, speaks here simply as an anthropologist. He does not refer to historical testimony bearing upon race-affinities. He then mentions the Armenian tribe of the Haig as a short-headed one, though of Aryan connexion. Finally, he says the solution of the large prevalence of brachycephalism in Asia Minor may one day be found in the introduction of Thracian race-elements; only he thinks this view has not yet been fully worked out.

It will be seen from the above that Dr. Virchow does not believe Turanian admixture to be requisite any longer for an explanation

of the short-headed type. As to the Thracian admixture in the population of Asia Minor, I think the material at hand is, in an historical sense, positively overwhelming. Physiologists naturally desire to solve ethnological questions as much as possible from the point of view of their own special science. Nor can it be denied that their labours excellently supplement, and partly check, the historical and linguistic evidence. Beyond a certain point, however, further enquiry and solution become well-nigh hopeless in matters of anthropology. Dr. Virchow himself virtually states this difficulty by his remarks on the short-headedness of Albanians and Armenians; still more so by his observations on the strange points of contact even between many Aryan, Semitic, and Hamitic skulls. In one of his contributions to Schliemann's great work, *Ilios*, he had already said with good cause—

"Our real knowledge of the craniology of ancient peoples is still on a very small scale. If it were correct that, as some authors suppose, the ancient Thracians, like the modern Albanians, were brachycephalic, we might perhaps connect with them the people represented by the brachycephalic head from Hissarlik. On the other hand, the dolichocephalism of Semites and Egyptians would permit us to go with our dolichocephalic skulls from Hissarlik to so distant an origin. But if, besides the skull index, we take into consideration the entire formation of the head and the face of the dolichocephalic skulls, the idea that those men were members of the Aryan race is highly pleasing. Hence I believe the natural philosopher should stop in the face of these problems, and should abandon further investigations to the archaeologist."

Historically speaking, Asia Minor appears to have been inhabited, successively or simultaneously, by so many different nations—Aryan, Turanian, Semitic, and, maybe, even partly Hamitic—that, in the absence of linguistic and other tests, many ethnical problems will perhaps for ever remain insoluble. Two great facts, however, I believe, stand out clearly before the eyes of those who will impartially read classic testimony; and, if we were to put out those lights (as an older English writer judiciously said), what other light would remain to us?

These facts are, (1) that the great Thracian stock—"the vastest," according to Herodotos, "next to the Indian"—was spread over both Eastern Europe and Asia Minor under many tribal names, such as Phrygians, Mysians, Lydians, Bithynians, and so forth; (2) that the Thracians were of Getic, Gothic, Germanic connexion. It is not the place for me here to make out these statements in detail by ample quotations from Kallinos, Herodotos, Homer, Strabo, Stephanos, Capitolinus, Flavius Vopiscus, Claudian, Cassiodorus, Prokopios, and others—that is to say, from writers ranging over an epoch of from 1,400 to 1,500 years; not to mention the Goth Jornandes, among whose nation some ancient race-traditions must have been preserved. These points will be more fully considered on another occasion. Nor do they contain any new theory at all.

The third fact of importance is that the Thracian stock is at the bottom also of the Trojan or Teukrian population, as I will endeavour to show on the same occasion.

Strabo was struck by the many Thracian place-names in the Troad. A city called Ilios existed in European Thrace as also in Asia Minor. Dr. Virchow, as well as Dr. Schliemann, has found a great many analogies between Trojan and old Hungarian antiquities. Perhaps the mystery explains itself from the fact of Thracian tribes having in ancient times been located on the Theiss as well as on the Skamandros. And taking "Thracian" as a convertible term for "Teutonic," it is certainly remarkable that in classic times a Teutoburgion should have stood west of the river Theiss, at the confluence of the Danube and the Drau. The very name of the Thracians, as also that of the Phrygians, I hold to be of possible explanation from Teutonic philology. What we know of Phrygian speech and of other Thracian idioms presents some remarkable affinities partly with Old Norse, partly with German. The great influence which the musical, martial, and altogether highly gifted Thracian race exercised on the Hellenic world, both in poetry and philosophy, stands recorded in Hellenic authors.

The skull-measurements taken by Dr. Virchow among people at Ren-köi in 1879, and the similar communications made by Mr. A. Weisbach ("On the Shape of the Greek Skull") to the Anthropological Society at Vienna, have brought out a remarkable coincidence between the mesocephalism or brachycephalism of the living population of the "purely Greek place" of Ren-köi and the structure of the skulls found in the neighbouring Ophrynyon. The words, "purely Greek," which Dr. Virchow uses, are of course to be taken rather linguistically than in the strict sense of homogeneous descent. I think classic literature sufficiently proves that the early Hellenic conquerors not only became fused in Greece with indigenous "barbarous" tribes, but that Thracian—that is, Germanic—as well as Semitic elements largely contributed, in course of time, to the formation of Greek nationality, both in Europe and in Asia Minor. Does not Herodotos—to give but one instance—say that, "from diligent enquiry," he found that even Aristogeiton and Harmodios were originally of Phenikian descent—namely,

"of the number of those Phenikians who came over with Kadmos, and were admitted by the Athenians into the number of their citizens on certain conditions, it being enacted that they should be excluded from several privileges"?

When we remember such facts, it will be easily seen that "Greek" means, ethnologically, a great deal more than appears on the surface.

A definite decision from a purely anthropological point of view is, in the cases at issue, if not impossible, at least so extremely difficult that the historian and the archaeologist must certainly come in with their own tests as to ethnical connexion. In this respect, the fact of Dr. Schliemann having found amid the prehistoric ruins of Hissarlik a well-preserved skull in a jar containing human ashes appears to me a noteworthy fact. Dr. Virchow gives it prominence by italics. A similar find, I may observe, was not long ago made in Germany; and it seems to have puzzled archaeologists. I pointed out at the time that as

late as the sixth century of our era some German tribes (for instance, the Thuringians) applied fire-burial only to the body, not to the head, of the dead: "Capite amputato, cadaver more gentiliū ignibus traderetur" (see *Vita Arnulfi Metensis*). Perhaps the significance of the skull in the way of judging a person's character and intellectual capacity had already struck our forefathers; hence their funeral rites may have been adapted to that notion. The occurrence of the same extraordinary custom on German and Trojan ground looks at all events like an additional link in a very curious chain of connexion in which the eastern Teutons—that is, the Thracians—form the large intermediate part.

Much interesting matter as to the remnants of Trojan civilisation is contained in Dr. Virchow's book. Thirteen plates, partly coloured, giving drawings of the skulls, of fragments of pottery, and other things discovered, are a useful adjunct. The author believes, both from the characteristics of the skeletons and from what was found in the graves and in the several layers of the ruins of Hissarlik, that the prehistoric populations in question had already made considerable progress in culture. This contribution to the solution of the Trojan question forms a valuable commentary on at least one aspect of that series of world-famed excavations which have recently brought forth a fresh surprise under Dr. Schliemann's ever active spade. The results of the last startling discovery are soon to be given to the public. So far as at present can be known, they will partly modify former conclusions, but in the main strengthen the view of those who look upon the once castled hill of Hissarlik as the site of the town which of old was sung in Greek ballads that were afterwards fused into the "Homeric" epic. KARL BLIND.

LINGUISTIC AND HISTORICAL RESEARCH IN BURMAH.

BRITISH BURMAH, the latest addition to our Indian empire, is isolated from the rest by race, language, and religion no less than by its geographical position. Despite some notable exceptions, little has been done up to the present to investigate the large mass of new materials that are here presented to the Oriental student. The numerous hill tribes, with their languages manifestly of a common family, afford a most interesting field to the ethnologist as well as to the philologist. The history, which deals in dynasties that each reigned for several millenniums, must yield some residuum of fact when subjected to the processes of criticism. Even the text-books of Buddhist law, which British tribunals administer, have not yet been properly translated.

All these several departments of study have been taken up with enthusiasm by Dr. Forchhammer, now Professor of Pali at Rangoon, who, we believe, only arrived in Burmah about four years ago. He has collected, for the first time, materials for a dictionary of the most important of the innumerable dialects spoken between the British frontier and South-western China. He has also acquired a large number of inscriptions and palm-leaf MSS., which he has not yet been able to examine thoroughly, but from which it ought to be possible to reconstruct the true history of Burmah. He has also set to work upon a translation of the Pali texts of the Dhammathats,

containing the domestic law of the Burmese at the present day. So far back as 1847, one of these—the Manu Kyay Dammathat—was edited in Burmese and English by Dr. Richardson. Within the last few months, Mr. Jardine, the judicial commissioner of British Burmah, has published three pamphlets of "Notes on Buddhist Law," with special reference to questions affecting marriage and divorce. But, for the most part, the domestic law of the Burmese still remains as much a matter of oral tradition as was the domestic law of the Hindus before Halhed and Sir William Jones.

We are glad to learn that the Government have under consideration a scheme for assisting Dr. Forchhammer in prosecuting a task which, besides advancing knowledge, must have a direct influence upon the efficiency of the Administration. The help of one or two young students, with enthusiasm equal to his own, would enable Dr. Forchhammer to accomplish in a few years the literary work of putting into shape the materials already collected. To look to Oxford or Cambridge for such young men would probably be vain; but if our English universities cannot supply them, German universities will.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

IN Petermann's *Mitteilungen* is published a map of M. Schuerer's journey into the country of the Legha Gallas, to the south of Fadas, which fills up a considerable gap in our knowledge of Central Africa. The adventurous Dutch traveller, who during a former period of his life had served with Circassians, Turks, Montenegrins, and Carlists, arrived at Gorgura, the capital of Fadas, on June 12, 1882. After his recovery from a severe illness, he started for the south on July 30, and succeeded in reaching the powerful tribe of the Legha Gallas, who live in the upper Yabus valley, and at the foot of the lofty Tulu Wollel, which M. d'Abbadie refers to as the ancestral seat of all Gallas. From a mountain pass he looked southward over a vast plain, in the midst of which he saw glittering the waters of Lake Baro, the receptacle of the river of the same name. M. Schuerer, previous to his departure for Africa, had gone through a course of practical astronomy under Mr. Coles, and was thus able to determine many latitudes and longitudes. The same number of the *Mitteilungen* contains the first part of a report on travels in Antiopia, by F. von Schrenck (with map), and an account of a trip into the Yagnau valley, to the east of Samarkand, by Dr. Capus.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE are glad to hear that our valued contributor, Mr. A. H. Keane, has been elected a corresponding member of the Italian Anthropological Society, whose centre is at Florence.

PROF. STOKES, of Cambridge, has been appointed by the Burnett trustees to deliver the first course of lectures on natural science at Aberdeen, which (under the reconstituted trust) take the place of the Burnett prizes. It happens that, at the same time, another Cambridge professor of mathematics, Mr. A. Cayley, has been nominated for the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Aberdeen.

A SPECIAL general meeting of members (only) of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching will be held at University College, London, on March 20, at 8 p.m., (1) to authorise the publication of books i. and ii. of the *Elementary Geometry* as revised by the committee, and (2) to appoint three trustees of the property of the association.

THE first meeting of the newly founded Edinburgh Mathematical Society was held last Monday evening, when an address was delivered by Prof. Chrystal on "The Present Fields of Mathematical Research."

THE Cumberland Association for the Advancement of Literature and Science has recently issued the seventh volume of its *Transactions*—a volume that bears testimony to the energy with which the useful work of this association is still being carried on. The *Transactions* are edited by Mr. J. G. Goodchild, of the Geological Survey, who contributes two interesting papers. In one of these he discusses the evidence of the former extension of coal-measures over Edenside, while the other is devoted to a description of the minerals occurring in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Among the more notable essays in the volume, we may point to Mr. J. D. Kendall's paper on "The Glacial Deposits of West Cumberland." There are also several papers on local natural history, including one on the land and fresh-water shells by Miss Donald, of Stanwix, a lady who has devoted much attention to both recent and fossil conchology. Mr. W. Whitaker, who is the recognised bibliographer of geological science, publishes one of his extensive lists of works on local geology, going back to the year 1693. Science greatly predominates over literature in this volume; and indeed the only purely literary essay is the presidential address by Mr. R. Ferguson, M.P., in which he discourses "Concerning the Future of the English Language."

A TRANSLATION of Prof. Ernst Haeckel's *Gesammelte populäre Vorträge*, by Dr. Edward B. Aveling, has just been issued by the Free Thought Publishing Company, 63 Fleet Street.

WITH reference to the recent discussion in the ACADEMY whether the Basques are a dark or a fair race, we quote the following from the Preface to *The Basque Language*, by Mr. W. J. Van Eys, which appears this week in Messrs. Trübner's series of "Simplified Grammars":—"I may repeat here the question I asked nearly ten years ago in my Dictionary, when quoting the words *billugorri*, *bulucorri*, 'naked,' and *larrugorri* or *narrugorri*, 'naked'—the first signifying 'redhair,' the second 'redskin'—would not this prove that the Basques are, or were, of a fair complexion?"

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Dutch Government at Batavia have recently published the first volume, with a French translation, of the Arabic Manual of Muslim Jurisprudence according to the Rite of Châfi, known as the *Minhâdj-at-Tâlibin*, or "The Guide of Zealous Believers." The Rite of Châfi is followed by the Muslims of the Indian Archipelago with few exceptions. The Arabic scholar, Mr. L. W. C. Van den Berg, of Batavia, has made use of the Code français as a standard of comparison between the ideas of the followers of Muhammad on certain principles of Right and the Jurisprudence of the Nations of the West and the South of Europe. He announces in his Preface that the second and third volumes are already in the press, and will appear soon. The publication and interpretation of the *Minhâdj-at-Tâlibin* is of the highest practical interest to the European magistracy of Egypt as well as of the Indian Archipelago.

MR. C. E. WILSON's translation of the Sixth Book of Jâmi's Bahârîstân, to be entitled *Persian Wit and Humour*, may be expected in a few days. Jâmi takes a line commonly followed by Oriental satirists, and is particularly severe upon unskilful physicians, bad poets, presumption, imposture, avarice, and covetousness.

Some of the stories would appear to have been adapted from Arab sources, especially those which show up the humorously naïve side of the Beduin character. Persian students will welcome this translation as a literal version of a classic work, and general readers as a genuine specimen of Eastern wit and humour, for the first time given in an English dress.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, March 8.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—An account was read, written by Mr. North, of the discovery of a Roman milestone at Llanfairfechan, in February last, marking the eighth mile from Conovium (Conway). The stone bore the name of the Emperor Hadrian, of which there are only two or three examples in England, one being near Leicester. [See Mr. Thompson Watkin's letter in the ACADEMY of March 3.]—Mr. A. J. Evans continued his narration of his researches among the Roman remains in Illyricum, referring principally to the gold mines at Salone. Some of the places he visited are quite unsafe for European travellers, and he was obliged to travel in the disguise of a Mahomedan.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, March 12.)

SAMUEL BIRCH, Esq., D.C.L., in the Chair.—A paper was read by Mr. H. Rassam on "Recent Discoveries of Ancient Babylonian Cities." Mr. Rassam detailed how, on visiting the mound Dair, where some fragments of bricks inscribed with cuneiform writing had been picked up, the site Abou-habba was passed, and upon examination proved to be the remains of an old Babylonian city. With difficulty, workmen were obtained, who after a few days' labour came across fragments of tablets, &c., and the wall of a chamber of the old city. Further excavations revealed an asphalted floor—a form of foundation hitherto unknown in the ancient remains of Assyria and Babylonia. On the floor being broken into and examined, there was found in the corner of the chamber an inscribed earthenware coffer, inside which was deposited a stone tablet covered with cuneiform writing, and having a representation of what has been identified with the shrine of the sun-god. The mound Abou-habba is identified with Sippara, and some account was given of its situation on the grand canal of Babylonia, and the position of the buildings. Mr. Rassam was of opinion that Sippara of the Sun-god was divided into two distinct buildings—one for religious purposes, and the other as a place of habitation for priests and royalty. He said that the style of architecture was quite different from that found in Babylonia and at Nineveh. Each block of buildings was surrounded by a breastwork faced in some places with kiln-burnt bricks to make the building more secure. Both the temple and its surroundings must have been at different times occupied by two distinct peoples, because the second occupants had half filled up with debris the twenty-five feet original height of the rooms, and had them paved, making it appear as if their floor was the original level of the chambers. Among other places where excavations were carried on, the mound Tel-Ibraheem, or, as is supposed, the ancient Kutha, was mentioned, with other sites between that and Babylon; and a description was given of the palace situated at Birs Nimroud, where Nabonidus is supposed to have resided at the time Babylon was taken by Cyrus. Here were unearthed numerous broken capitals, fragments of enamelled bricks, &c., and the heavy bronze object found in use as a doorstep, but evidently not constructed for this purpose. Mr. Rassam was of opinion that it originally was the leaf of a gate, but had at some time been cut in halves, one half only being used for a doorstep.—A paper was also read by Prof. Wright, of Cambridge, on four ancient Oriental gems, with symbols and inscriptions, three of which had been obtained in Syria by the Rev. Dr. W. Wright, of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Some of the symbols seemed Egyptian, others Assyrian; the inscriptions were in archaic Hebrew.

FINE ART.

MR. BIRKET FOSTER'S DRAWINGS of the CATHEDRAL CITIES of ENGLAND and WALES will be ON VIEW, during MARCH and APRIL, at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 133, NEW BOND STREET.

PICTURESQUE NATURE by LAND and SEA.—A Series of OUTDOOR SKETCHES and DRAWINGS by Mr. JOHN MOGFORD will also be ON VIEW, during MARCH and APRIL, at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 133, NEW BOND STREET.

ART BOOKS.

The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin: an Account of the Restoration of the Fabric by G. E. Street, &c., &c. With Historical Sketch by Precentor Seymour, and Dedictory Preface by Sir Theodore Martin. (Sutton Sharpe and Co.) Dublin was long a Danish city. For the Irish it had never been anything but *Ath-cliaith au dhub-linn*, "the hurdle-ford of the black pool." And when the Danes at last became Christian (certainly not through any Gaelic influence), they got their bishops for Waterford and Dublin from Canterbury, not from Armagh. Donat, first Bishop of Dublin, built the cathedral on ground and with money given by Sitric the King, the son of Anlaf. This was in 1038; but before the English invasion Dane and Irishman had so far fraternised that Laurence O'Toole was bishop when Strongbow sacked the city. Building cathedrals was as much a Norman work as sacking cities; and, during the twelfth century, Holy Trinity (as it was then called) was rebuilt, only to be in great part burnt by the Scots (*i.e.*, Irish) in 1238. To rebuild it, a gathering was made throughout the Pale. And nearly as it was then restored, so it again appears after Mr. Street's admirable restoration, for he went back to the original apse, discarding the long and poverty-stricken choir of 102 feet which Bishop John de St. Paul had grafted on to the original structure in imitation of the long choirs that came in with the growth of monasticism. A good deal of the old work was very bad. The vast piers of the nave were rubble, only thinly coated with Caen stone, and several of them stood on the void instead of on the supports prepared for them in the crypt. This caused a settlement, which brought down the south aisle wall and the nave roof, and gave the place that half-ruined appearance which visitors to Dublin before 1871 must remember. In that year Mr. H. Roe, jun., offered to restore the cathedral thoroughly, and to build a Synod House for the disestablished Church. Mr. Street was his architect, and the result is as perfect a group of ecclesiastical buildings as any European city can show. Of such a work it was right there should be a fitting record; and Messrs. Sutton Sharpe and Co. have done well in publishing this splendid folio, which, besides an historical sketch of the cathedral, contains Mr. Street's last literary essay—his deeply interesting and suggestive account of the work of restoration. The word has become one of ill-omen; but Mr. Street proves that in this case not even the greatest stickler for the sanctity of old work would have wished to preserve a single stone that he removed. The get-up of the volume is faultless—solid vellum binding, tooled after Mr. Street's own design, splendid paper, engravings by first-rate artists—altogether a worthy memorial of Mr. Roe's rare liberality and of Mr. Street's architectural talent.

Travels in South Kensington. By Moncure D. Conway. (Triibner.) There is some "fine confused" reading in this book, which, though published in England, is plainly addressed to an American audience, and indeed may be said to be quite useless to any other. To be taken round the South Kensington Museum by a guide who knows a little of everything, and jumps from Italy to Timbuctoo, and from Pekin to Paris, may be generally instructive, but it is

particularly confusing. The American power of digestion and assimilation of heterogeneous information is, however, well known, and this volume may be to their taste. It is like a Cook's Tour personally conducted by one of the most highly cultivated of their staff. It has a number of wood-cuts from the South Kensington Handbooks, which are good but not new; and a few portraits of such men as Sir Henry Cole, Mr. William Morris, and the late Mr. Owen Jones, which are caricatures. Of course, Mr. Conway is constantly "improving" his occasions, although on the whole there is more text than sermon. Occasionally he is eloquent, as when he writes:—

"A flute-key that wins one more soft note from the air; a pot flushed with some more intimate touch of the sunlight; an ornament which detaches a pure form from its perishable body—such things as these exhibit somewhat finer than themselves, namely, man elect still to carry on the ancient art which adorned the earth with grass and violet, and framed the star-gemmed sky and the spotted snake."

Sometimes he tells us something new, as that Charing Cross Railway Bridge is beautiful, and Mr. William Bell Scott is an archaeologist. Sometimes we do not agree with Mr. Moncure D. Conway, and sometimes, we must confess, we do not quite understand him.

Dumas' Art Annual. (Chatto and Windus.) *The United States Art Directory and Year-book.* (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) *The Artist's Critical Record.* (Reginald Turner.) The number of books and periodicals engaged in recording art movements and art facts shows as much as anything else the strength of the present art-wave. We have already noticed *The Year's Art*, that concise Annual Register which was the first in the field, and is likely to be one of the last to leave it. Now we have to mention three others with a similar, but not identical, aim. Mr. Dumas is more ambitious and comprehensive. He embraces the world, and not only records, but illustrates, the art for the year. Since Mr. Henry Blackburn had the "happy thought," illustrated catalogues have been the order of the day; so that Mr. Dumas is able to present us with sketches, mostly by the artists' own hands, from the year's exhibitions of the world. In this truly cosmopolitan volume we find pictorial records of exhibitions at London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, New York, Paris, Antwerp, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Pennsylvania, Nuremberg, Vienna, and Moscow. If in all cases we got the best work of the year, the volume would be even more valuable than it is; but we get a good deal of it—especially by the younger men. Yet Mr. Dumas is not satisfied, but apologises for his incompleteness. Next year he promises two volumes instead of one, "to fill up the blanks." The pictures are accompanied by admirable accounts of the exhibitions, &c. We would specially draw attention to M. Castagnary's article on Courbet. Mr. Koehler's *Year-book of American Art* is more like *The Year's Art* of Mr. Huish, and seems to be equally well done. *The Artist's Critical Record* is the first yearly volume of a useful "monthly," the appearance of which in this form we are glad to welcome. It is full of extracts from current criticism of different artists as well as short original articles, and will be found useful for reference on points where other annual art-records fail.

THE writer of *La Peinture anglaise* (Paris: Quantin), M. Ernest Chesneau, has made what is, so far as we know, the first attempt of a foreigner to gather together into a single volume (and that, moreover, a handy one) a record of the achievements of English painters. Nearly a generation ago, a French critic—

Thoré (better known as Bürger)—was occupied with art in England, but it was not English art; and, lately, M. Duret has written excellently upon pictures in at least one of our national collections. Here and there too, and now and again, there have been foreign writers who have taken up certain English masters, or a certain English school, drawn thereto by accident or special opportunity. But M. Chesneau is comprehensive and systematic; he has seen much for himself, he has studied much, he has striven to be impartial, and the main defect of his book is the perhaps inevitable defect of slightness. That it is eminently creditable to him to have produced this volume hardly needs to be said after what we have expressed already; but, while doing full justice to his enterprise and diligence, and to his intentions of partiality, it would be a mistake if we allowed the reader to suppose that M. Chesneau is altogether uninfluenced by his own nationality, or by what has hitherto been the opinion of cultivated Frenchmen in respect of some of our masters. That Bonington should get fully his due was, of course, to be expected; and indeed he receives it. The honour that is paid to Old Crome was also to be expected from a French critic, for French criticism has perceived as long as English—and a great deal longer than English public opinion—how high must be Crome's place. The other painters of the Norwich school get a measure of notice; but the just balance is hardly preserved, for if M. Chesneau had seen Cotman's works, both in oil and in water-colours, as thoroughly as he has seen the works of many other artists, he would have praised him even more heartily than he has now done, and would also have recognised in him a rich individuality of which he now scarcely seems to be aware. As far as our own opinion is concerned, the other painters of the Norwich school—at all events, Ladbroke and the younger Crome, though perhaps not Vincent—might have been left with less notice. Ladbroke was sound, but had little of meritorious peculiarity; and the younger Crome, with his perpetual moonlight, is, at all events, unable to make us forget the accomplishments of Artus van der Neer. Turning to landscape of quite another order, we do not think that M. Chesneau does justice to Wilson. It may be foolish of certain Englishmen to call him "an English Claude," but he is not without merit because his merit was not precisely Claude's, nor as great as Claude's. It is, moreover, a mistake on the part of M. Chesneau to assert or imply that the landscapes of Wilson are now very actively sought for, and that the reaction from the neglect into which he long ago fell is at all complete. Wilson was a wonderful tonist, a subtle colourist, a painter of *chiaroscuro*, a master of artificial and elegant composition. There is room, accordingly, for the public appreciation of him to go much farther than it has gone at present. To Gainsborough, M. Chesneau does thorough justice; the painter of Suffolk and of Somerset, the painter of Miss Graham and of the "Blue Boy," is both naturalist and romanticist enough to have the whole of his sympathy. Etty, a painter often greatly esteemed by artists, even in his incompleteness, is judged by M. Chesneau by his defects rather than by his merits. He was a colourist and a painter of the flesh—limited, yet, in his own way, unique. We have spoken very frankly of several points in which we differ from our intelligent and always interesting critic. To do so, rather than to content ourselves with a few lines of commonplace eulogy, was the best way of paying a proper compliment to the industrious and comprehensive student of English art. We should add that much of the latter half of the volume is occupied with painters of the day.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

THE absence of nearly all the most prominent English members of the Society of Painter-Etchers from this their second annual exhibition, and the total withdrawal (with the exception of Mr. Platt and Mrs. Merritt) of the Americans, to say nothing of other foreign members, is evidence, too palpable to be ignored, that all is not well with the society. While, however, the list of fellows is still as strong as ever, there is no reason to suppose that the malady, whatever it may be, is beyond cure, or to abandon the hope that the next exhibition may prove as full and strong as the first memorable one at the Hanover Gallery. The courage with which the society has resolved to hold out, with such diminished ranks of exhibitors, is to be praised. As persons reduced in circumstances, they have taken a smaller house; and what they have to show, though poor in comparison with the display of palmier days, is yet not without beauty or interest. Perhaps the least assuring sign is the Preface to the Catalogue, in which it is proposed in future exhibitions to admit etchings already published. If the character and value of the exhibition are to be kept up, this must not be. The published works may be exhibited if the society please, but they should be hung in a separate room, and there should be sufficient fresh work to make an exhibition by itself. We prefer to look upon the proposal as a natural but weak sign of despondency due to ill-health, which will pass away with the cause. With eighty fellows and any number of outsiders, there should be no difficulty at all in providing sufficient new work once a year to constitute a rich exhibition of unpublished work. We are glad to see that the proposal is unsigned; and we trust, therefore, that it may be unauthorised by the body of the society in general and the president in particular.

Mr. Seymour Haden's indisposition is unfortunately sufficient to account for the slenderness of his contribution. His two etchings of "Cowdray Castle" are valuable mainly as testifying to his continued connexion with the society; and we can only wish that even such slight proofs of interest therein were afforded by Mr. Hook, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Heselbine, Mr. Holl, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Heywood Hardy, Mr. Haig, and Mr. Hamerton, not to mention a score of other fellows whose names, like those of Legros and George, do not begin with the letter H. It is left to Mr. A. Beames Hall, with his clever dry-point of a "Japanese Crystal on Silver Crystal Stand" (35), and Mr. C. E. Holloway, with four examples of his usual skill, to sustain (among the fellows) the credit of this initial. It may be noted as a curious contrasting accident that the letter "B" is remarkably well represented, six out of the nine fellows whose names begin with this letter sending etchings to the exhibition.

As might be expected from what has been already said, the chief interest of the exhibition lies in the works of outsiders, especially in those of comparatively young and unknown etchers of both sexes. It is true that Mr. Macbeth sends his "Flora" (40); but we have seen her before, and care little for her or her ugly-mouthed dogs. Mr. Menpes sends a series of pleasant *genre* studies, and Mr. Jacomb-Hood perhaps the best of all the figures—a little French boy unhooking a fish (120). But Mr. Jacomb-Hood, though a member, is an exception which proves the rule, for he is young, and a year or two ago was absolutely unknown. On the other hand, we have a striking collection of serious imaginative designs from Mr. W. Strang, which, despite very visible defects in drawing and patent imitation of Prof. Legros, are works of indisputable promise in the too-neglected field of poetical design. We would, however, impress

upon him that ugliness is no virtue even in serious design, and that it is quite possible to study and profit by the works of Rembrandt without adopting his peculiar views of female attractiveness. We can tolerate the old Dutchman's "Susannah" which we saw lately at Burlington House, for Rembrandt was a great man in spite of all; but Mr. Strang is not a great man (at present), and cannot plead his nationality as an excuse for blindness to beauty of form. Nor can he plead his own bad taste, if we can judge from a former etching of his which we remember very well. Too palpable imitation of an Old Master is also the fault of Miss Ellinor Hallé's "Shepherds Watching" (129), which is, notwithstanding, a work of promise, showing a welcome search for dignity and style. In "A Stormy Way" (35) Miss Emily Ford gives us an impressive figure of an old woman struggling with the wind; and Mrs. E. A. Armstrong sends two refined and charming studies from life (1 and 2). Of portraits there is but one—Mrs. Merritt's head of Mr. Lowell (46)—but that is good.

The "Lobster Fishers" of Mr. Colin Hunter is one of his well-known studies of sea, as well drawn and brilliant as usual; and it may be said generally of the landscapes of well-known etchers, such as Mr. David Law, the brothers Slocombe, and Mr. Otto Weber, that their works here give quite as much pleasure as usual. More novel are the little etchings of Mr. Herbert Marshall, in which he renders, with wonderful suggestiveness, the special effects which we admire in his water-colours. His "Broad-Stairs, Westminster," with its wet pavement glimmering in the gaslight, is quite successful. Effects of dusk and twilight are also admirably given by Mr. C. A. Platt, who feels and expresses, as few are able, the poetry of lonely and shabby places. His "Eastern Point" (130) seems to want some light or explanation in the centre where the road rises, but his "Fishing Village" (153) is perfect in its way. A bold experiment in method is shown by Mr. C. W. Mansell Lewis in his "Collecting the Flock;" and the Catalogue affords no explanation as to how so broad and soft an effect is produced. It seems part etching and part mezzotint laid in a new way.

But of all the etchings here we remarked none of greater distinction than Mr. Walter Burgees' "Cathedral of Limburg-on-the-Lahn" (58). It is impossible, perhaps, to acquit the artist of affectation in giving not only to the cathedral and the figures, but also to the trees, a certain mediæval quaintness as of an old German wood-cut. But he has applied his starch with art; and the result is a pleasant primness, an "old world" character, and a serious individual charm which contrast agreeably with much of the commonplace and styleless modernism which surround his etching. We must not forget Mr. T. G. Cooper's admirable "Lions" (128), but have only space to add that, among other works deserving notice, were some by Messrs. A. Ballin, W. H. Moss, Oliver Baker, W. J. Cooper, W. H. Urwick, and A. Withers.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

[Communicated by the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund.]

M. NAVILLE has now completed the examination of Pithom, which is the first Egyptian site that has ever been thoroughly explored. The reward has not been the discovery of great monuments, but the solution of great problems. The geographical result has been already stated. It need only be added that, since his previous letter, M. Naville has found a fragment of a

Greek inscription with the name HPOT, showing the Latin Ero to be of Greek origin, and that Pithom bore before the Roman time the names Hero, "the store-house," and Heroöpolis, "the store-city." The bearing of the geographical result on Biblical criticism is of the first consequence. It affords a new proof of the accuracy of the book of Exodus.

Far more notable is the historical result of M. Naville's researches, which should be given in his own words:—

"It was Ramses II. who was the founder of the city. He built the store-house and the temple, but did not finish what he had begun. In the line of the Dromos we find great blocks of granite and of a hard calcareous stone, which had evidently been brought there to make some large tablets or statues, which have been left with marks of the sculptor only. The temple was small, and (the city being chiefly a store-house and a fortress) had no reason to have many works of art."

The conclusion here expressed with reference to the foundation of Pithom is abundantly confirmed by the bricks from the place in the Berlin Museum bearing the cartouche of Ramses II.—a circumstance noted by M. Naville, who has sought in vain for a similar example on the spot. Thus there can be no doubt that Pithom and the sister-town Ramesses were both built by Ramses II.

Thirty years ago Prof. Lepsius took up and fully developed a theory which Algernon fourth Duke of Northumberland, the magnificent patron of Egyptian and Arab research, had propounded in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* fifteen years earlier. This theory was that the founder of Pithom and Ramesses could be no other than the famous Ramses II. The first Ramses, this king's grandfather, had but a very brief reign, in which no great work could be carried through; thus Lepsius was led to conclude that the king who named the city was the second Ramses, the father and predecessor of Menptah, to whose reign Manetho, the Egyptian historian, attributed the exodus. The two reigns amounted, on the same native authority, to about eighty-six years, the monuments confirming him in giving sixty-six years and a fraction to the first king. The Bible allows something over eighty years for the oppression, under two kings, the first of whom ruled for nearly the whole period. Ramses II. began to reign, according to Lepsius, B.C. 1388; and thus the learned Egyptologist, was led to accept the Rabbinical date of the exodus, B.C. 1314, which he supported by an elaborate argument based on the Hebrew genealogies, reckoning from David's time upwards, of the evidence for which too little account has been taken in this country, except by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Although other Egyptologists do not absolutely agree with Lepsius, their reckonings would necessarily lead to his conclusion as to the date of the exodus. The accession of Ramses II. is according to the three leading authorities as follows:—Lepsius, B.C. 1388; Mariette, B.C. 1407; Brugsch, (about) B.C. 1333—Mariette's date being calculated from the evidence afforded by his statement of the accession and duration of the dynasty.

The historical conditions are extraordinarily in accord. The Egyptian monuments give us two Pharaohs the earlier of whom, Ramses II., reigned some months over sixty-seven years. The characters of the two, the stern tyrant Ramses and his vacillating shadow Menptah, are even traceable in the stereotyped phrases of their inscriptions, though not as clearly as in the lively portrayal of the narrative of Exodus.

It is matter for congratulation that such results as these, worth volumes of controversy, have rewarded the society's first exploration. The success is due to the knowledge and skill of M. Naville, who divined the identity of Pithom with

Tell-el-Maschuta from the monuments carried thence to Ismailia.

"They are very large, two sphinxes, a double tablet, fragments of a naos, and a group of Ramses II. between two gods; but as these monuments are dedicated to Tum, and Ramses II. is everywhere spoken of as the friend of Tum, the god of On, I guessed that the place they came from must have been Pithom. These monuments have been published by Maspero in the *Revue archéologique* [1878]."

No one but an Egyptologist of the first rank would have made this inference; no one else would have found, fragment by fragment, in the wreck of Pithom the successive data which, in the German phrase, "make an epoch" in Biblical criticism, for the Egyptian and Biblical history can now be synchronised, and the date of the exodus is now as nearly fixed as that of the accession of David.

REGINALD STUART POOLE,
Hon. Sec. Egypt Exploration Fund.

PS.—It may be worth while to add that the correct spelling of the Arab name of Pithom is Tell-el-Maskhoothah. The orthography Mahuta of the Intelligence Department map is probably due to Mahmood Pasha's map, on which the "seen" is written cursively with a long stroke, instead of its usual three points.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE report of the Fitzwilliam Museum Syndicate, which was adopted by the Senate last Saturday, gives good hopes that the new museum of classical and general archaeology will be completed and in working order by next Michaelmas. It was only in December last that it was resolved to build upon a leasehold site in the rear of the churchyard of St. Mary-the-Less. The buildings which existed on that site have already been demolished so far as necessary; the architect chosen, Mr. Basil Champneys, has finished his working plans; and a contract has been accepted to erect the new building by October 1, at a cost of £8,000.

Arrangements have also been made in advance to fit up the museum with the necessary materials for study. Prof. Sidney Colvin has himself undertaken to collect by private subscription a fund which promises to be sufficient to provide an adequate library of classical archaeology, together with the Leake Collection and some of the books already in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Towards the necessary collection of casts and models some subscriptions have also been promised; but the principal expenditure must come out of the Fitzwilliam fund. An approximate estimate is given of the minimum number of casts required, and of their cost; and a list of them is also set out in detail. Both of these documents would be of great service to any other body that may follow the example of Cambridge. The cost is put at £1,500, ranging from £30 for a complicated group down to 15s. for a small bust. The total expenditure on the museum would thus amount to about £10,300, of which £2,000 will have come from the university chest, and the balance from the Fitzwilliam reserve fund.

Prof. Sidney Colvin, the director of the museum, purposes to start very shortly on a visit to Italy, partly, we regret to say, for the sake of his health. But he will take advantage of this visit to select personally some of the casts of ancient sculpture, &c., at Rome, Naples, Athens, and Vienna. He will probably remain away until the first week of June.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRESCOES AT ASSISI.

Kensington: March 14, 1883.

I learn on good authority that a fresh calamity has befallen the wall-paintings of Cimabue and Giotto in the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi. Some years ago, it will be remembered, the whole church, at the command of the Italian Government, and under the direction of the well-known art historian, Sig. Cavalcaselle, was subjected to radical renovations, the alleged purpose being to restore the fabric, its furniture, and adornments to their original condition. The proceedings raised a storm of controversy.

The task, throughout arduous, became absolutely impracticable when resuscitation was attempted for the large number of frescoes, or rather paintings *in secco*, which extend in time over some four centuries, and in condition present all stages of decay down to absolute annihilation. I was myself a witness, in the autumn of 1874, to the proceedings in the Upper Church. I mounted to the scaffolding close to the springing of the vault, and, in company with Sig. Cavalcaselle, examined the state of the walls. I found workmen, with chisels, hammers, trowels, and mortar, steadily operating on the frescoes of Cimabue. The plaster, where rotten and denuded of its picture, was simply cut out and the void filled with sound cement. Other surfaces, which were only in incipient decay, the painted cuticle blistered and ready to fall down, had been saturated with some glutinous fluid, then subjected to pressure, and so brought firmly together. Lastly, the parts comparatively sound were merely washed over with a fixing medium—a process said to be novel, and moreover a secret! By these several means were the wall-paintings "refreshed" and (it was fondly hoped) placed in permanence.

Unhappily, this apparently reasonable hope has been disappointed. The information I receive is to the following effect:—Certain of the frescoes in the Upper Church thus "refreshed" have now fallen bodily from the walls, leaving nothing more than a surface of bare brick. Fortunately, the Arundel Society had for some years a skilled artist on the spot; I saw him at work, and can testify to the fidelity of a full-sized facsimile of heads by Giotto. These copies, now in the rooms of the society, of course acquire increased value through the calamity which has overtaken the originals. How far the destruction is absolute, and how much farther it is likely to extend, I may be able to ascertain, on the best authority, before very long. I can only hope the case will not prove so bad as it seems.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE are glad to hear that the series of valuable articles on "The Wood-cutters of the Netherlands," which were contributed to the *Bibliographer* last year by Mr. W. Martin Conway, are to be collected into a volume, with about the same quantity of fresh matter, and published by the Cambridge University Press in the autumn. In an Appendix will be given a complete catalogue of the wood-cuts in all the books printed in the Low Countries during the fifteenth century.

MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI will shortly publish two fine etchings after Constable. It is Mr. C. E. Holloway who has etched the larger plate, and given a fine, free, painter's rendering of the famous painting of "Salisbury," now in the South Kensington Museum. More full of detail and complete in tone is M. Brunet-Desbaines' beautiful plate, the subject of which is one of those mill scenes so characteristic of the great landscape-painter. This plate is

singularly rich and soft, having, in spite of its fine work, much of the effect of a mezzotint at a little distance.

THE same publishers have entrusted to Mr. J. D. Miller the task of engraving a beautiful single figure by the late George Mason, now in the possession of Mr. J. H. Trist, of Brighton.

MESSRS. NICHOLS AND CO., of the Borough, announce the issue shortly of an etching by Mr. Wilfrid W. Ball, after a water-colour drawing by the late Edward Duncan, "Old London Bridge from Custom House Quay in 1820." This drawing was presented many years ago to the present owner, Thos. R. Downes, Esq., of Downesbury, Hampstead, by his friend, the artist. It was on view at Messrs. Christie's during last Monday's sale, and attracted considerable attention. The style is Duncan's early, careful, and minute work, the colouring being rich, and the details elaborate. Even the persons figured as walking on the Quay are portraits, some still living. The antiquarian interest is centred in many well-known buildings now removed, and particularly in picturesque Old London Bridge itself, with its irregular arches and piles, so unfamiliar to the present structure.

MR. ARTHUR LEMON's pictures for the ensuing season have been on private view at Florence lately, where they excited a good deal of admiration. They are all more or less poetical pastorals of modern Italy. One, of horses in a spongy pasture, is spoken of as the best.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN, best known (at least in England) as the author of a long series of books on Japan, is also an artist. He now announces "a new departure," which we can only give in his own words:—

"I propose to employ myself in reproducing the best of my very numerous sketches of American scenery. My idea is to arrange them in portfolios, each to contain ten pictures in oil, mounted on heavy cardboard, eighteen by twenty-two inches in size."

He gives a list of 350 titles from which subscribers may select.

SOME interesting archaeological discoveries have been made at Antwerp within the last week or two. The excavations necessary for the building of a new quay-wall have laid bare what are pronounced to be undoubted remains of the walls of the old Burgh, the primitive stronghold which has been attributed both to the Romans and the Normans. One of the corners of this fortress—built of the blue stone of Namur and Tournay—formed the foundation upon which the Steen, the old city prison, was rebuilt in 1530. The remains of another corner tower have been discovered built into the walls of a house which has just been demolished. The line of the old walls has been so clearly traced that the Town Council last week had their position marked by a streak of white sand, and it is proposed that there should be some permanent indication of the site. The excavations are being made in connexion with the colossal scheme for new docks, and the Commission royal des Monuments belges has appointed a committee to take care of any objects of interest which may be discovered.

At two recent meetings of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Fr. Lenormant read a paper upon the identification of the sites of two Greek cities in Calabria—Terina and Temesa or Tempsa. The former was a colony of Crotona, founded in the sixth century B.C.; the latter was one of the oldest settlements in Magna Græcia, its building being assigned by tradition to the Ausonians about the date of the Trojan War. Both towns joined Hannibal, and both were destroyed by him when he could no longer hold them against the Romans. Terina M.

Lenormant would place, differing from previous authorities, on the site of the abbey of Santa Eufemia, founded by Robert Guiscard in 1062; Temesa he would place at a spot now called Le Mattonate.

THE *Portfolio* has for frontispiece this month a striking etching by Mr. W. Strang. The subject is "The Prodigal Son among the Swine," and it is conceived with power and realism. One cannot, however, help comparing with it Dürer's beautiful print. It is somehow reminiscent of this, though executed in very different style. The editor, besides his "Paris," has something to say on the destruction of monuments of archaeological and artistic interest that is going on in Cairo. Several illustrations are given of what Cairo was in 1865, but we have not set against them what the city now is.

AN important exhibition of early Japanese art will be opened in Paris early in April.

MR. MILLAIS's famous pre-Raphaelite picture of "The Carpenter's Shop," or, as it is now called, "Christ in the House of his Parents," has been fairly engraved by Mr. T. Brown for the *Art Journal*. The plate is the conspicuous feature of the March number of the magazine. As an interpretation of a picture, we prefer Mr. Salmon's fine etching after Jules Bréton.

THE *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* has not much this month that will interest English readers, except Dr. Richter's bibliography of the MSS. of Leonardo. Friedrich Gauermann is an artist so little known that the publication of his account-book seems superfluous. Had it been Titian or Raphael who had set down the name, date, and price of his pictures, the case would have been different. Nor is our interest in Gauermann awakened by the poor line-engraving given from one of his works representing wooden-looking cows in glassy water.

WE learn from the *Nachrichten* of Basel that Dr. Gross has nearly completed the great work upon the Swiss Pfahlbauten upon which he has been so long engaged. Beckmann, of Carlsruhe, is preparing a series of thirty-three phototype plates for the illustration of the work, representing some of the most important specimens of the Stone and Bronze periods. It will be further illustrated from the rich stores accumulated by the author himself, and from the different Swiss museums.

MR. C. DRURY E. FORTNUM calls our attention to an inaccuracy in our too brief notice, in the *ACADEMY* of last week, of the late Baron Charles Davillier. His work on Spanish jewellery was published in 1879—*Recherches sur l'Orfèvrerie en Espagne* (Quatin). He was engaged, at the time of his death, upon a companion volume treating of Spanish glass, for which he had collected a large amount of material.

THE STAGE.

MISS LINGARD'S MATINEE AT THE GAIETY.

MISS LINGARD gave, last Tuesday, her second matinee at the Gaiety, repeating that performance of "Camille" which we had not seen on the previous occasion. "Camille" is an adaptation of "La Dame aux Camélias;" and Miss Lingard plays the part of the heroine, which was created by Mme. Doche, and which, during the last thirty years, has been performed by so many famous actresses. The piece is a sickly piece; and to us it never seemed more sickly than when it was played by Mme. Modjeska, a dignified lady enough, but not an actress who could bring the part within the range of our sympathies. Miss Lingard is a vast improvement upon the overrated Polish

actress. She speaks English, not only well, but with charm—a quality not always belonging even to those actresses of English birth who have not laboured long in America. The commoner, but still invaluable, gift of good looks belongs to Miss Lingard unmistakably; and she has also much mobility of expression, a flexible figure, and a voice capable of many changes and generally pleasant. Furthermore, she has no near acquaintance with her art; and in times of by-play and moments of secondary importance—in which more even than in the great situations the inventive powers of a good actress are apt to be manifested—she shows herself an artist whose art is near to Nature. The modern drama presents scarcely a more difficult part than that of M. Dumas's consumptive heroine, and it is saying a great deal to say that Miss Lingard never shows a sign of failure in it. The author himself allows the expression of sorrow to be somewhat monotonous, and so it is not surprising if even the resources of an actress who can act are found insufficient to quite sustain the interest at all moments of the play. For ourselves, we like Miss Lingard nowhere better than in the first act. Her acting is here indeed a brilliant and touching illustration to a rather stupid text. Nothing can well be more eloquent than her play of facial expression as she gradually learns what is Armand's feeling for her, and as her cynicism changes to hopefulness and trust, and the world is again found to be worth living in. The actress's command of her voice is sometimes hardly less assured. The voice gladdens suddenly and at the right moment—at the moment that it requires an artist to select. This lady is distinctly an acquisition; and should it be her wish to act long in London—that is, to abandon travel for a while—there is little doubt but that a place can be found for her on our stage. She is not faultless, but she is intellectual. Her profession must have been a serious thing to her.

In "Camille" Miss Lingard has, on the whole, been well supported. If Miss Constance Gilchrist is an impossible Nichette, is not Nichette herself impossible? Mr. Edgar, who plays the lover's distressed father, does not deliver long speeches with the variety that makes them effective. Mr. Barnes is, in some respects, a good Armand; he has feeling, if he lacks grace. But the really successful bit of acting, in the secondary characters, is that of Mrs. Leigh as Madame Prudence. Madame Prudence is a vulgar, greedy, and in no respect very virtuous person, of full middle age. Nothing can be less attractive. The commonness and hardness of a nature irredeemably offensive Mrs. Leigh portrays with unquestioned success; and it seems that, among the ladies, she is the only one who is permitted, by the scruples of M. Dumas's adapter, to speak and act like a denizen of that world to which the young women, as well as their elder, in reality belong. Nichette, for instance, might very well have a good heart as well as a pretty face; but it outrages probability a little too much to make her so ridiculously idyllic.

STAGE NOTES.

OF Mr. Robert Buchanan's new play, produced only on Wednesday night, we shall give an account next week. Meanwhile, we must make some mention of Mr. Burnand's "Blue Beard," a burlesque happily as excellent in quality as it is abundant in quantity. It amuses the public during quite a couple of hours, and, perhaps, amuses most those whose affectations are most satirised in its lines. These, we presume, are some of the frequenters of the Gaiety. "Blue Beard" does not profess to

follow very closely the ancient story; indeed, it deals with a younger branch of the Blue Beard family. It is very brightly and pointedly written, Mr. Burnard having apparently conceived that his mission extended beyond the task of affording to Miss Farren, Miss Vaughan, and Miss Gilchrist some little excuse for dancing, and Mr. Terry some opportunity of being comically alarmed or grotesquely surprised. He has planned his piece well; it abounds in distinctly ingenious invention, and the dialogue is not only witty—which is already much—but it permits more than one performer to obtain unwonted effects. Mr. Irving has been imitated so often that we cannot claim novelty, though we may claim success, for the efforts of Mr. Henley; but the manner of M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt has less frequently been travestied, and Miss Kate Vaughan shows much skill in the imitation. Miss Farren and Mr. Terry contribute much to the entertainment of the playgoers, but then they have always possessed and displayed no small measure of the art of the comedian. Miss Vaughan's success is notable because it is that of a dancer who until now has hardly even endeavoured to be an artist. The lady has now made a beginning, and may possibly proceed farther.

It is fitting that after a long interval we should say a second word about the Lyceum performance of "Much Ado about Nothing;" and it must be in recognition of the continued excellence of the acting. On Monday night, when the one hundred and fiftieth representation was all but reached, nothing could have been fresher, more vigorous, or more vivacious than the performance of the principal characters. The fact is, in some respects, exceptional. Many playgoers think that they notice in Mr. Irving, as time passes on, the signs of weariness with a part he has played long and continuously. We thought we detected those signs in Hamlet, not to speak of other rôles; and no wonder if we did. But the strain of playing Benedick for a hundred and fifty nights is a very different thing from the strain of playing Hamlet, and Mr. Irving's Benedick is certainly at this moment as enjoyable and as satisfactory as it was during the earliest nights of the present play-bill. No such Benedick has been seen in our day. Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice remains scarcely less notable. Were it not for an occasional wrong emphasis, which may after all be the accident of a night, we should deem it complete at all points, as it is now certainly admirable and exhilarating. The secondary characters are played with a fittingness which we find rare even at the Lyceum, where the management has not always been happy in its choice of performers. Mr. Howe, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. Mead play the three old men in unexceptionable fashion; and Mr. Terriss—whom the public has more than once overrated—finds the part of Don Pedro within his proper range. The Claudio of Mr. Forbes Robertson is looked and acted excellently; the performance, so to speak, whitewashes a character who had really much in common with a cad, or why should he have denounced Hero so brutally? As Hero, Miss Milward has improved. She is now a fairly good Hero. At first she was tame and amateurish. Dogberry's utterances continue too rapid, and his bearing remains too intelligent. The senile part of Verges is always one to be looked rather than spoken—it has few words, but many opportunities—and its representative at the Lyceum looks it well. We note an improvement in what was good to begin with—the action of the minor and unnamed characters, and of the festive crowd. This is as brisk as it can be, and as real as we could hope to see it out of the theatre of Rotterdam. Indeed, the whole piece is played, appropriately enough, like an *allegro*. It is vivacious and rapid almost from end to end.

MUSIC.

DVORAK'S "STABAT MATER," ETC.

SOME teachers would have us believe that musical art is fettered by form, and that no really great works can now be produced until the old order of things has passed away and a new one has been established. Fugues and symphonies are to give place to symphonic poems and dramatic cantatas. The terrors of a Dante, the mysticism of a Goethe, the sorrows of beautiful maidens, and the deeds of valorous knights are to be considered more powerful aids to inspiration than the dry rules of counterpoint and canon; while freedom and elevation of thought are to be acquired only in proportion as the musician becomes subject to the sway of imagination's empire, and able to free himself from the tyrannic letter of the law. But all this plausible talk speedily comes to an end when a genius appears and shows to the world that it is foolish to fret against form; and that only those who have nothing, or but little, to say are disposed to rebel against the wisdom of the past, and seek to clothe the nakedness of their invention with the garment of romantic tales and fantastic legends. The "Stabat Mater" performed for the first time in England last Saturday evening at the first concert of the London Musical Society under the direction of Mr. J. Barnby is a work of undeniable originality and power; and the composer, A. Dvorák, may be looked upon as a new "star in the east" shining through the dullness of the musical atmosphere. We do not forget "Parsifal," "The Redemption," or the latest utterances of Brahms; the two first, however, are not purely musical creations, and the last, though full of interest, appeal only to a limited class, and affect but little the general state of music. The "Stabat Mater" is divided into ten numbers, each one of which presents points of beauty and interest. The opening quartet and chorus, "Stabat Mater dolorosa," and the closing piece, "Quando corpus morietur," are the longest and most important sections of the work. The first breathes tenderness and pathos, but at times the solemn tragedy of the Cross is depicted in tones of thrilling earnestness. Melody throughout reigns supreme; while the network of delicate harmonies and the picturesqueness of the orchestration sustain the interest, and colour with an indescribable charm the whole of the music. Varied and original effects are produced by means of passing notes, but the chords reduced to their simplest expression are easily understood, so that the general outlines of the piece are not hampered or in any way obscured by these subtle and magic changes. Of the last movement we can only say that, for rugged power and drastic energy, it reminds us of Beethoven in one of his loftiest moods; and no higher praise could be given to it. The other numbers must be briefly described. The "Quiesce homo," for solo voices, is the least original, though it contains interesting passages, and closes with a most impressive *coda*. In the chorus "Eia Mater" considerable effect is produced by very simple means. The solo and chorus "Fac ut ardeat" contains some charming phrases, but the latter part is perhaps a little laboured; and the Bohemian element in the solo part produces, in spite of its attractiveness, a slightly disturbing effect. The chorus "Tui nati vulnerati" is of a flowing character, and, without any charge of plagiarism, we may say that it seems to have been inspired by the grave-digging scene in "Fidelio" and the "Dona nobis" from Beethoven's Mass in D. The "Fac me vere," for tenor solo and chorus, is very impressive; none but a master-mind could sing in tones of such sweet complaining, or stir the soul with accents of such real and poignant grief. There is no exaggeration in

the music; the clearness of form, the well-observed proportions, the wonderful effects of contrast, and the chasteness and skill of the workmanship betoken a mind in which judgment and imagination are "in equal balance justly weigh'd." The chorus "Virgo virginum praeclara," and the following duet for sopranos and tenor, are both interesting; while the penultimate number, the "Inflamatus," shows the severity of the eighteenth century cleverly united to the fervour of the nineteenth. We have only been able to say a few words about a work which will doubtless be often heard and as often admired. Anton Dvorák will now be added to the illustrious list of composers whose names are associated with the setting to music of the celebrated Latin hymn. The performance by the Musical Society was, on the whole, good. The vocalists were M^{mes}. Howitz and Isabel Fassett and Messrs. Cummings and Frederic King. The programme included Grieg's pianoforte concerto, played by Herr Laistner, and some of Schumann's music to "Manfred."

At the second concert of the Bach Choir, on Thursday, March 8, Herr Max Bruch's "Odysseus," or "Scenes from the Odyssey," was performed for the first time in London, and under the direction of the composer. One of the scenes, "The Banquet with the Phaeacians," has already been given by the Bach Choir. The work was produced at Bremen in 1872, and has since been heard at Manchester in 1875 and at Liverpool in 1877. The programme-book informed us that "Odysseus" may be considered one of Herr Bruch's most successful as well as elaborate works. When a writer has really not very much to say, and yet goes through the form of composing long choruses, solos, and scenes, the result is far from satisfactory; although, as in this case, the author's patience, industry, and skill as regards writing and orchestration may have to be duly acknowledged. The music, with the exception of a few bright and cheerful spots, is dull and laboured; there is plenty of sound and at times fury; but, after all, it is a tale signifying but little. At the close one felt as weary as Ulysses must have done after his many years' wandering by sea and land. The performance was a fairly good one. The solo vocalists were Miss Carlotta Elliot, M^{me}. Max Bruch (who, though not in good voice, sang in an artistic manner), and Messrs. Beckett, Kempton, and Frederic King.

On Saturday afternoon Herr Barth was the pianist at the Popular Concerts. He played in a finished manner Chopin's *andante*, *spianato*, and *polonaise* in E flat, and for an *encore* the "Etude" in G flat from op. 25. He also took part with M^{me}. Norman-Néruda and Sig. Piatti in Beethoven's trio in C minor. M^{me}. Max Bruch was announced to appear at this concert, but was prevented from doing so by indisposition; and her place was taken by Miss Carlotta Elliot, who sang with much taste. Herr Max Bruch's violoncello solo on the Hebrew melody "Kol Nidrei" was admirably performed by Sig. Piatti, and accompanied in a most skilful and refined manner by the composer.

On March 12 the Monday Popular programme contained an interesting novelty: Schumann's pianoforte trio in G minor was heard here for the first time. It was admirably interpreted by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Messrs. Joachim and Piatti. A vein of sadness runs through the first two movements; the *scherzo* is full of passion; the *finale*, though clever, is somewhat laboured. The work has not perhaps the healthy and vigorous tone of the earlier trio in D minor, but it is, nevertheless, a composition of great interest; and it is strange that it should not have been produced before now at these Concerts. J. S. SHEDLOCK.